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The People's Press.

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A Slight Mistake.

My brother and I are twins. There can be no mistake about that, for our likeness to each other is so great that it is positive unpleasant to our friends and ourselves. The celebrated Corsican Brothers were not more alike than we are; that is, as far as personal appearance goes, beyond that Jim and I are utterly dissimilar. For instance, I am fond of trade, Jim hates it; I have a great dislike to horse-racing, Jim dotes upon what he calls "the Turf;" I avoid danger to such an extent that I have heard some uncharitable people call my caution cowardice; now, nothing pleases my brother better than running risks. I am quiet and peaceable to a fault, while Jim is always up to mischief, and consequently in hot water; in a word, two creatures more alike in features and unlike in character never existed.

Of course this likeness caused us no end of trouble. Many and many a time have I had to answer for Jim's faults. If he robbed the orchard, I was sure to be beaten for it, although I detested unripe fruit, and therefore could not share in the plunder for which I had to pay the penalty.

For all that, we were the best of friends, and always ready to assist each other in any way we could, and, in spite of all the annoyances, never quarreled.

At the age of fourteen Jim and I were apprenticed to a butterman, who resided in Acton. Of course I was the master's favorite, for I stuck well to business, while Jim spent all his leisure time with the men from the training stables, and took more interest in making up a betting-book than in serving the customers. When we had served our time I determined to start in business, and asked my brother to join me, but he would not listen to my proposal.

"No, no, Dick," he said, "I've done with butter and bacon forever--that is, except for breakfast or tea. I intend going in for horse-racing. I have already put a few pounds on the Derby, and I am busy making up a book for Ascot."

In vain I tried to persuade him to give up the idea; he was determined, and when Jim had made up his mind nothing could make him alter it. I was very sorry, for I looked upon Jim as entirely lost; for, in my opinion, betting meant bankruptcy, both in cash and honor. However, I trusted that Jim would soon see the folly of his ways, and would be glad to join me in my shop. I pictured to myself the happiness I should feel when that moment arrived (for that my shop would fail never entered my thoughts more than it did that Jim would ever make a fortune by betting, as he has since done,) and became almost anxious for the news that my brother had lost his money.

It was a proud day for me when I first opened my shop in High Street, Whitechapel; my bosomed heaved with delight at the sight of my first customer, who, by the way, only bought an ounce of butter; but it was but the commencement of the gigantic trade I intended to do; and therefore I was happy. As the day advanced my trade increased, and at night, when I counted the contents of my till, I found that I had every reason to congratulate myself, and therefore, in a luckless hour, determined to smoke a pipe and have a glass in the parlor of a neighboring public house. Accordingly I put on my hat and started off, and in a few minutes I was comfortably seated in the snug parlor, puffing my tobacco and quaffing my ale.

The company was neither numerous nor select, being mostly composed of butchers, a set of men of whom I have rather a horror. I don't know why. They are highly useful, and, I have no doubt, honest men; but all people have their antipathies, and butchers are one of mine. However, I disguised my feelings, and joined in the conversation, hoping thereby to make myself agreeable to the company, among whom were many of my neighbors.

How I did it I cannot tell, but by some means I managed to offend a big, hulking fellow, whom I recognized as the owner of a butcher's shop exactly facing my establishment. I tried all I could to soothe the monster, but he glared at me like an ogre, and made such very strong remarks that I thought it better to keep silent, hoping thereby to let the storm blow over. Vain hope! the butcher being unable to speak to me, in consequence of my silence, vent his malice by speaking AT me. He complained about tradesmen opening new shops in opposition to the old ones; declared that he had been made quite sick by some bad butter that he had seen that day; and hoped that when the inspector of weights and measures visited the neighborhood, that he would look after some shopkeepers in particular, for he, Mr. Grote, had watched one fellow tampering with his weights and scales all day.

I knew he meant me, for I certainly had amused myself in the intervals of serving my customers by polishing up my scales and weights, and as I saw by their looks that the company knew that the wretch intended me, I had no help for it but to reply.

"Sir!" said I, in the most conciliatory manner possible, "I am exceedingly sorry that I should have unwittingly offended you, as it appears I have done; but I cannot fail to see that your observations are evidently intended for me."

"If the cap fits, you may wear it," grinned the brute. "I shan't mention names, to give any one the opportunity of getting the law of me; I ain't so green."

"The cap does not fit," I replied, "for I beg to say that my butter is excellent, my scales just, and that all your accusations are entirely false."

With a howl of rage, the brute sprang from his seat and dashed his pipe in my face. Luckily two of his companions seized him, so that I was able to make my escape from the room; but as I fled I could hear him vociferating: "Come on, you coward--let me go--yah! you cur!" and so on, until I had left the house.

From that moment my life was one of misery. That horrid wretch Grote would not let me alone; he teased me morning, noon and night, until I became the laughing-stock of the neighborhood, and, consequently, my trade fell off until ruin seemed to stare me in the face. My neighbors avoided me as if I had the plague, and some went so far as to join the butcher in annoying me, so that at last I became frightened to go out, and passed my evenings in the little parlor behind my shop, making up my books.

One night, while I was so engaged, a ring came at the bell. I opened the door, and a man, clad in a long cloak, the collar of which was turned up so as to conceal his face, rushed into the passage, a proceeding I no sooner remarked than I immediately prepared to rush into the street, for I cannot bear burglars. But before I could execute my purpose the fellow caught me by the shoulder, and in tones that froze my very blood, whispered in my ear:

"Don't be a fool, Dick; come in and shut the door, or I shall be seized."

"J-i-m!" I stammered. "What is the matter?"

"Shut the door, and come into the parlor; then I will tell you."

I did as he commanded, and then I waited impatiently for the explanation of this sudden and mysterious visit.

"Phew!" said Jim, as he threw off his cloak, "I've had a narrow escape."

"But how have you had an escape? and from what have you escaped?"

"Dick, I am ruined," cried my brother, throwing himself into a chair. "I backed the wrong horse for the St. Leger, and have lost all my money."

"I knew you would, Jim," I said; "I knew you would. But it's no use crying over spilt milk, as the proverb says; you must come and share with me, though Heaven knows that I have not much to offer you, for the horrid butcher has nearly ruined me."

"You're a good fellow, Dick; but I have worse news still. You must know that I had a thousand pounds placed in my hands to buy horses for a gentleman. So convinced was I Vanderdecken would win this race, that I put only put *my* money on him, but also that which I had in trust. I have lost all, and have to fly to avoid the police."

The frightful news so overcame me that I could only wring my hands, and exclaim:

"O, what is to be done? what is to be done?"

"This is what must be done," said Jim, in a hurried whisper; "you must take my clothes and my name, and I will take yours in exchange; you must go down to Acton to my rooms, and I carry on your business here. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see; but the police may arrest me by mistake."

"Of course they will; that's the beauty of the thing. I expect to make a heap of money over the next race, and when I have done that I shall show up, declare that the whole affair has been a mistake; either pay the thousand pounds or buy the horses; you will be released, and can bring an action for false imprisonment."

"Yes, that's all very well, Jim; but suppose you should not win all this money?"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; I *must* win it. It's as safe as the bank."

"Yes, but so was Vanderdecken."

"O, bother Vanderdecken! I tell you I must win; beside, should I fail, I bolt over to France; then you prove your identity, they must release you and *there* you are."

"Yes; but in the meantime I shall be in prison."

"Not necessarily; you must keep close, and then, perhaps, they may not find you. I will give you a letter to my friend, Bob Kirby--you are sure to find him at the 'Bit and Bridle'--and he will tell you what to do. You must not write to me here; Bob will do all the writing, and let you know how things are going. Now, come and let us change clothes; there is not a moment to lose, or you will be too late for the train."

"But, my business?" I gasped, for I did not like the job at all.

"O! I can take care of that; you know I understand the trade."

"But the butcher?"

"I must put up with him, I suppose," said Jim, looking rather blue. "Of course it is not pleasant; but nothing is in this world, and, as you have stood his insults for so long a time, I suppose I shall be able to bear it for a little while. There is the letter; now off with your clothes and put on mine."

How Jim did it I can't say, but in less than a quarter of an hour I was dressed in his clothes, and turned out of my own house.

I crept along the road trembling at the sight of a policeman, and wondering at the little notice they took of me. I reached the train in safety, and arrived in Acton without being arrested.

I found the "Bit and Bridle" and Bob Kirby, to whom I delivered the letter. He read it, and at once took me to Jim's rooms, advising me not to move therefrom if I valued my liberty. Need I say that I felt very uncomfortable, and obeyed his orders to the letter?

On the second night after my arrival in Acton, Mr. Kirby came to my rooms and told me I must prepare to start for London at once.

"You must take care you are not seen," he continued; "for if you were caught now things would be very awkward. Tell Jim he must come down here at once; he had better walk down, for the trains may be watched. If he can get down without being seen, all will be well; but if not, I fear they will try and make it a case of conspiracy."

O, how bitterly I repented having consented to leave my butter-shop! for, all things considered, the police were worse than the butcher. By keeping myself a strict prisoner in my own house, I could avoid the butcher; but there was no safety from the police.

With a beating heart I crept up to my own shop, and knocked gently at the door, which was opened directly by Jim, to whom I delivered my dreadful message.

"I must be off at once, Dick," he said; "we must change clothes directly. You will be all right, for I have made every one believe I was you. I made a capital tradesman, after all. I've sent your business up wonderfully."

"I am very glad to hear it Jim; I'm sure it needed it. But how about the butcher?"

"O, he has been a great nuisance, certainly; but look here, Dick, don't you be half so easy with him. I don't believe he has half the pluck he pretended to have."

"I do--*I know it!*" was my rueful answer; "but if the business is improving, I shall try to put up with the annoyance."

"That's right Dick. And now good-by. I'm much obliged to you for what you have done. If any of the girls say you made love to them, you will know that I am the culprit; only don't you say so, but keep the fun up. It's no disagreeable work, I can assure you. Ha! ha! ha! nobody would believe you if you were to swear it was me. So good-by, and take care of yourself."

With a hearty laugh Jim went on his road, and I, with a sad heart, sought my bed.

I arose very early the next morning and took down the shutters, so as to avoid meeting that horrid butcher. A few minutes afterward a very pretty girl came fluttering into the shop, and, with many a pretty smile and simper, purchased half a pound of best fresh butter.

"Why, how dull you are this morning, Mr. Parkins!" she exclaimed with a pretty, sly glance.

"Dull?" I replied in a dreamy manner.

"O, nonsense!" she cried, "if I is no good putting on that modest air, after the way you behaved yesterday. Do you know, when you first came here, we all thought you such a sneak--at least, most of us did; but I always said that you were not so demure as you wished to make out--and the way you snatched that kiss from me proves it."

"So," thought I, "that is the way Master Jim has been improving my business, is it?"

I looked at the rosy mouth, and could not blame him--nay, I ventured to follow his example, and did so with the greatest success.

"Do you know," said the young lady putting her arms on the counter--"do you know I have liked you ever since you thrashed that big bully, Grote, the butcher?"

"What!" I exclaimed, in amazement, "thrashed Grote?"

"Of course you did, when he came over here swearing he would pull your nose! O, I did like the cool way in which you went to meet him and knocked him down. It was really SPLENDID."

Could it be possible? Had my twin brother thrashed the butcher, and left me to reap the glory? As if to confirm my suspicions, at that very instant Grote appeared in his shop--and, O, his face! It was one mass of bruises! I stepped out on the pavement to have a look at him closer. On seeing me he bowed politely, but I merely shook my fist at him, and he retreated, rapidly.

I cannot describe how my business increased from that day, and all through Jim's boldness and light-heartedness. During the day I received a letter from my dear brother, in which he informed me that he had not lost his money; but having heard of my misery, he invented this little plot to save me.

I have now several large shops. Jim has never joined me, he having retired from the turf and become a gentleman farmer. I am married, and have a large family. My eldest boy is about to marry Miss Grote, Grote having become very good friends with me, and what is better, *very rich*. But, good friends as we are, I have never thought it worth my while to inform him of his slight mistake.

Hanged by an Angry Mob.

The End of Three Murderers in West Virginia--A Terrible Midnight Scene.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Jan. 26.

There have been many exciting occurrences in the Kanawha Valley, but nothing has taken place in this region one-half so startling as the work of death done this morning at one o'clock by an organized mob of 1,000 men, acting under orders of Judge Lynch. Five men were in the county jail yesterday, all held to answer for murder. Two were the Belcher brothers, who wantonly killed a young man on Campbell's creek last fall. By the various arts known to the legal fraternity, their trial has been put off from time to time, and it seemed at last that justice never would be done in their case. Two other murderers were John Dawson and Rufus Estep, each 21 years old, who, on Christmas night, cut to pieces, almost in sight of his home, Thomas Lee, a coal miner, and an honest, industrious and law-abiding citizen. They not only hacked the poor man to pieces with their knives, but threw him over the bridge into the stream, and following the body as it was borne away by the current, stabbed it again and again whenever they could get within reach of it. The murderers were taken on the next day and placed in jail.

A CRY FOR VENGEANCE.

Among the miners the excitement was intense, and on the last day of the year a crowd of three or four hundred men, who had taken an oath not to touch a drop of liquor until justice should be meted out to the assassins, came quietly down from the salt works and mines, marched to the jail, and demanded that Estep and Dawson should be delivered to them for punishment. Several influential citizens tried to stay the mob, but in vain; and it was only the vigilance and promptitude of the sheriff and his deputies that saved the lives of the wretched murderers at that time. They were smuggled out of the jail, and taken in a skiff twelve miles down the Kanawha river, and the next day they were lodged for safe keeping in the Parkersburg jail, one hundred and fifty miles away. The county and circuit courts being then in session, they were brought back under guard of twenty armed men. Yesterday an application was made for a change of venue, the prisoners' able counsel holding that their clients could not get a fair and impartial trial because of the excitement, irritation, public opinion and public prejudices now existing. Judge Smith would not render a decision, but adjourned the case until this morning.

PREPARING FOR THE WORK.

The court-room had been packed all day. Hundreds of Lee's excited friends were in town determined that his murderers should be made to answer for their crime.

No insult was offered to the prisoners, and no disrespect was shown to the court; but it was plain that the people were only waiting for one more excuse to take the law into their own hands; and this was offered by the action of the court.

But while the tempest of wrath was gathering, there came tidings of another murder in the county. Tom Hines, formerly a tailor in Cincinnati, had been too intimate with the wife of Bill Dooley, a colored shoemaker, and had made up his mind to put Dooley out of the way. So yesterday he cut the shoemaker's throat. He was taken and lodged in jail. The negroes, who up to this time had taken no part in the movements of the mob, were now aroused. Hundreds came into the town and cried for vengeance. All they needed was a leader, and a leader they soon found. At eight o'clock last night the streets were crowded with excited men, black and white, and a little later a steamboat came down the river, bringing more than a hundred men from up the country.

THE HANGING.

By midnight there seemed to be an organized plan. At the word, a rush was made for the jail. The warden was easily overpowered, and Estep and Dawson were taken out. The negroes then broke in and brought Hines out with yells of malediction. The two crowds were now united, and in good order and with but little noise they marched to the bridge over Campbell's Creek, where the murder of Lee had taken place. The doomed men were given time to pray. Estep and Hines wept and begged for life; but Dawson cursed his captors, dared them to hang him, and when he was about to be turned off, he expressed the hope that he would meet them all in hell. He died uttering the most awful blasphemy. Estep was then drawn up by the hands of a dozen strong men, and was choked to death after several minutes of horrible torture. The negroes took Hines to a tree about a hundred yards from the bridge, and in a few minutes he was swinging in the air. A guard was left to see that the bodies of the three murderers were not cut down till dawn, and the mob quietly dispersed.

How Indians Cure Meat and Dress Skins.

When her lord has killed a buffalo the woman's work begins. She has to skin it, the meat to secure, and all to pack upon ponies or mules, and carry to camp, where the meat must be cured. This is done by cutting it into thin sheets and hanging it over poles in the hot sunshine, where it is soon dried thoroughly; then it is packed fresh in packages of about one hundred pounds each, and inclosed in a nice folding sack of thick buffalo skin, prepared especially for the purpose. This is not dressed down thin after being fleshed, but well tanned, and of the full thickness of the skin; the hair side nicely ornamented with paint, for the outside of sack. This is cut out like a huge envelope, so that the ends and sides will fold over whatever is put in them, and secured by strong buckskin strings. By being thick it retains its form, and is very useful for carrying other things besides meat and tallow. After the meat is taken care of the skin must be looked after. Those taken at this season of the year are mostly dressed for lodges. They are first staked on a smooth spot of ground, and water put upon them, when they are ready for fleshing. This consists in removing the flesh with an instrument made of a straight bar of iron about a foot in length, flattened at one end and filed to an edge. This being grasped in the hand and a succession of quick blows given, the work slowly proceeds. The skin is then dried, after which the hair is removed in a dry state, and the skin reduced to the proper thickness by dressing down the hair side. This is done with an instrument made by firmly tying a flat piece of steel, filed to a beveled edge at one end, and with the corners rounded, to a large prong of a deer's horn. This is so trimmed, in connection with the body of the horn, as to form an elbow, and is used a little as a carpenter uses his adze. This work is usually done in the cool of the morning. The brains of the animal, having been properly taken care of for the purpose, are now soaked and squeezed by the hand until reduced to a paste, and applied to both sides of the skin, which is afterwards worked and rubbed until flexible. The preparation of robes is from winter skins, and differs from the foregoing only in being dressed down on the flesh side, so as to leave the wool and hair upon the robe, and is more thoroughly worked and scoured by means of a sharp-gritted stone.—*Bailey.*

[Correspondence of the Goldsboro Messenger.]

A Woman a North Carolina Soldier.

WILLOW GREENE, GREENE CO., N. C.
January 25th, 1876.

DEAR BONITZ:--A few days since I was looking over the New York *World*, found, and read a Surgeon's Story, the subject of which was a remarkable heroine who figured conspicously in the late war, and was connected with the Sixth New York Regiment, and who afterwards proved to be the wife of the Colonel of that Regiment.

Now as to the authenticity of the surgeon's story I am unable to vouch, yet it called to my mind a true romance which happened in the Confederate army, and can be vouched for by many good and brave men now living in the State of North Carolina. The romance was as follows:

The 26th Regiment N. C. Troops had for its Colonel a man of great capacity, and that quality of mind which enables men to encounter danger and difficulties with firmness, and without fear. The Colonel was known by the popular name of Zeb B Vance. During the Spring of 1862, the 26th Regiment lay for a while four miles below Kinston, N. C. Col. Zeb. had previously received a commission from the Confederate Government to raise a Legion to be known as Vance's Legion. In the 26th Reg't and in Co. A. was a private by the name of Blacock (I think, tho' not sure as to name) who received a furlough for thirty days, upon condition that he bring back with him a new recruit for the Legion. At the expiration of the 30 days, private of Co. A returned to camp with a recruit, according to stipulation, who was immediately mustered into service consistent with the army regulation. I had previous to this time received an appointment from Col. Vance to drill recruits, consequently this new soldier was placed in my squad for military instruction. The recruit had the appearance of a boy about 18 years of age. His voice was soft and effeminate, and though it did not seem to be that of a man, we could not doubt that it was a boy. I drilled the new soldier in squad with many others for about six weeks, and during the time I would frequently march the squad down to the creek, and all that wished would go in bathing. The young recruit never participated in the sports confined to the water, but no one thought anything about it as some of the mountaineers had a very great horror of the poisoned waters of eastern North Carolina, and the recruit was from Ashe or Wilkes county. Soon after the return of private of Co. A., with his recruit he was taken down with a very troublesome affection known to Surgeons as *Arthritis or* White Swelling, and after suffering the most tormenting and severe pain for more than a month, he was honorably discharged from military service by Dr. Boykin, who was surgeon of the 26th Regiment at the time. The same day and but a few hours after private Blacock had received his papers from the Doctor, the recruit walked into Col. Vance's tent and said:--

"Col. Vance, my husband has been discharged from military service on account of disability, and is going home, now I want you to discharge me also."

Col Vance said:--"Your husband, the h--l, you must be crazy, boy; you are in for the war, my young man, I can't let you off."

Recruit continued to say that though a soldier she was a female in disguise and the wife of Blalock. Col. Vance sent for Dr. Boykin to come, and take the case in hand as it had proved too much for him. Dr. Boykin being a very able and learned surgeon soon returned, and reported that the recruit was a woman sure enough and the wife of the man who brought her to camp.

E. H. H.

The Danger of Hurried Funerals.

In a populous city of Northern Italy, the wife of a distinguished jurist was seized with epileptic spasms, which to all appearance ended in death. The physicians recognized all the evidences of dissolution; her features were distorted, cheeks and eyes sunken, the lips blue and bloodless, skin cold and flabby--a phenomenon which from hour to hour, became more pronounced. Finally, even the spots that usually precede decomposition were observed, and, as the weather was very warm, it was thought advisable not to delay the burial. The woman was laid in a wooden coffin and deposited in the family vault. Those who are acquainted with the arrangement of the Italian cemeteries know that the individual coffins are placed in niches, one above another, somewhat as the folios are arranged on the shelves of a library. The niches are lined with marble slabs, but left entirely open. The vault itself, on the contrary, is securely closed by heavy wooden doors. In such a niche the coffin in question was placed. A year later, another member of the jurist's family died. The following day he went himself to the cemetery to see which niche the new coffin should be placed in. When he opened the doors the skeleton of his wife, enveloped in what remained of her shroud, fell into his arms. A careful examination revealed the following facts: The woman had burst off the coffin lid, and then gone to the door and made an effort to force it open also, but in vain. The double door would, of course, tend to deaden her cries, and then the guardian of the cemetery lived on the opposite side of the inclosure. She must have lost consciousness during her efforts to force the doors, for she had fallen against them, and her habiliments had caught on one of their iron fastenings, and in this position she had finally died. There was, however, abundant evidence, everywhere, in the vault, of her having been conscious for a considerable length of time.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.--It is understood that the home of Washington at Mount Vernon is to be put in thorough repair before the arrival of visitors to the centennial, after plans drawn by Mr. Van Campen Taylor, the architect, of New York. Mr. Taylor visited the homestead recently, and is now engaged in drawing plans of the entire building, so that in case of its destruction by fire, it may be rebuilt exactly as it now stands. Along the entire east side of the house runs a high piazza facing the river. The length of this is ninety-four feet, and the width fourteen. The balustrade above the piazza is somewhat rotted, and requires to be rebuilt, and the same kind of wood will be employed in the reconstructions as was originally used. At the south end of the house, and opening from Washington's library, there is a portico about ten by sixteen feet in size. This was erected about the year 1790, when Washington added two wings to the original house of Lawrence Washington. This, too, is to be rebuilt, and the necessary repairs will be made early in the coming spring. On the piazza stands the pillar and the bell with which Washington used to summon his horse, which was kept saddled and bridled in readiness for his call.

Stephen W. Dorsey, born in Vermont and brought up at Oberlin, is living rapidly for such steady antecedents. He will not be thirty-four years old until the 28th of February, but has been a railroad President for six years and a United States Senator for two years, has four years longer to represent Arkansas, and has failed for nearly $200,000.

A Michigan Giant.

The Simple Story of the Simple Hearted Strong Man.

From the Ypsilanti (Mich.) Sentinel.

Charley Freeman, along back in the 20s, appeared for the first time among a gang of laborers on the Flat Rock and Gibraltar Canal, and he moved among ordinary men like a sort of Anak. He looked eight feet high, at least, and three feet across the shoulders. His arms sprung from his chest as large as any middle-sized man's body, and tapered down to a hand three inches thick, and when doubled into a fist, as big and hard as a caulplitter's maul. He gave out his age as seventeen, and he was growing. He hired for the wages and work of an ordinary hand, but when he seized a shovel, it went through the clay like a breaking up plow, and the handle soon came off if the blade held. An ordinary axe was but a feather in his hand. It sank to the eye in the wood, and the helve splintered. He dealt out strength by the wholesale, and he could not weigh out his force in the measure of ordinary men. When he stood among a gang of laborers the contrast made them look like children. The strolling Indians would stare in amazement a few moments, and then with a "ugh!" get out of sight of him as fast as their dignity would let them. He was put to do the work of three pairs of oxen. That was, removing the trees, cut in ten or twelve foot lengths, out of the way of the diggers, not hitched to them like oxen to make them away, but with his right hand under the end, raising it from the ground, then balancing it across his left forearm, he shot the saw logs for to one side with all the ease that a skilful workman plies his split cord wood. And thus day after day the grant moved until the canal was built.

He appeared again on the boats that plied along the Huron river, Michigan. He was engine and tackle to handle heavy freights. What others could not shove or roll, he could pick up and carry or toss. When the heavily freighted boat struck on the ripples he just stepped out of the stern and boosted her over. Nobody would have felt surprised if he had taken the whole boat and cargo right under his arm as a woman carries a dough-tray, and marched across by land, when they came to long bends in the river. Nobody ever said that he did this, because they never wanted to exaggerate his feats any more than we do now. But navigation did not pay, and that stopped, too. Some of the "fancy" heard of the uncelebrated giant, and took the notion that there was money in him. He was as simple as a child. Anyone could lead him. It never got through his skull that he was remarkable. The sharpers meant to keep him so and speculate on his prodigious power. They coaxed him off eastward. At Buffalo they sent him into a dock saloon with a sixteen hundred pound anchor under his left arm, just as a chopper carries his axe, to pawn it for drinks, and the keeper was glad to trust him for carrying it out again. Thus he and his friends travelled on his muscle to the sea coast and across to England. They intended to get a soft thing on some English champion. They had too much of a good thing. A friendly sparring, as an experiment, with a professional boxer showed that a match with any living pugilist was impossible. The giant's fists could not be effectively reached. Blows on the body might as well have been planted on a sand-bag. When his unskilled hand came down it came with the force of a pile-driver, and no matter what it met the obstacle went to the earth. By the ruse of representing him as large and strong but green, they made a match of science and skill against power, with a noted pugilist. The parties came on the ground, but at first sight of him his opponent turned away, saying: "I come to fight with a large man, not with a mountain." Seconds, referees, and all declared the match fairly "off." Finding nothing could be made out of him, his sharp attendants deserted him. From Michigan to Liverpool the route had been one of continued dissipation, and he contracted the seeds of disease. Deserted in a strange land, he was meared for; an object of awe and curiosity, useless to anybody else and helpless to care for himself, he soon died of consumption and was buried in a pauper's grave. Thus perished perhaps the most magnificent specimen of physical manhood that the United States ever produced. He never learned a letter; he never felt a refining influence; he never had a real friend.

The Fiend of Bremerhaven.

[Correspondence of the Providence Joural.]

In the autumn of 1868 I went up from Southern Europe to spend a few months in the gay capital of Saxony. Those of our nationality in Dresden are very clannish, live in the same part of the town, give parties and dinners, and Germans as at home, and mix little with foreigners, so that once one commences to move round in the circle, one soon meets all who compose it. Among the many whom I met at the American Club, at parties, dinners, and at his own house, was an American gentleman known to us as William Thomas. He was a large, stout man, weighing possibly two hundred and fifty pounds. He wore a heavy, red beard and moustache, and always appeared in public with heavy gold spectacle. He was a quiet sort of a person, never taking the lead in anything, but still always interesting himself in everything that was going on, and a good member of society generally. He lived at the time with his wife, a charming, little, black-eyed woman, and his family, in a handsome suit of rooms, on the corner just above the club; and used frequently to entertain in a quiet sort of way those whom he counted among his most intimate friends. Among them, I am happy to say, I was numbered, and often found myself through his hospitable door. He lived, he said, in North Carolina, and at the breaking out of the rebellion found himself obliged to go into the Southern army. He was in a North Carolina regiment during the summer campaign of 1862, and at the battle of Malvern Hill, was wounded in the arm. It was in the night, as he sat with some comrades about their camp-fire, thas a shell exploded in their midst, killing nearly all, and wounding him, as I have said. He was sent to the rear, and was finally discharged as unfit for active service. He went then to Wilmington, bought all the cotton he could, ran the blockade successfully, took his cargo to Liverpool, and sold it an enormous profit. Then he immediately invested his money in United States bonds, which were then at their lowest figure in the English market. Afterwards they trebled on his hands, and between the cotton and the bonds he made from $150,000 to $200,000. He married afterwards a Southern lady, who had been educated in Europe, and by her had several children. He had not the appearance of one who had followed the sea, and I should be surprised if it should be proved he had never commanded a vessel. A sailor as a rule, never gets rid of the effect of the salt air in his ways and habits and appearance, and I never was able to discover that Thomas was in any manner different from the rest of us. Thomas was the last person among us in Dresden whom one would select as a man capable of doing such a deed as he certainly did at Bremerhaven. He was a jolly good fellow, as the world would say; yet quiet, and, in fact, rather lazy. That he was not insane when he designed the plot for blowing up the vessel I cannot believe. It is so entirely different from what the man was from his character as his friends knew it, that I am unwilling to believe that he was wholly accountable for what he did. He was in his family an extremely affectionate man, and his wife and children were as tenderly cared for as wife and children could be. It used to be remarked among us that Thomas was unusually devoted to his wife, and not a whim of hers was allowed to go unsatisfied.

"Take Care of the Pence."

If you were to suddenly ask any one of the tens of thousands of mechanics in this country, who have been receiving high wages for constant work during the last dozen years, why it was that he has nothing saved now? he would ten to one, answer you that the expenses of his family, or, if he be unmarried, the cost of living, has eaten up all his earnings, and so prevented him saving anything. And in every single case--it is not too harsh to say--this would be a falsehood. Not a wicked, premeditated lie, told with intent to deceive, but an untruth to hide an extravagance the man is secretly ashamed of. And the party on whom you press this question will, if he be an honest man, acknowledge that he has not only lived extravagantly, but he will admit that his foolish expenditures have been foolishly lavished on himself, and for things which have done him no good, if they have not done him a permanent injury. He has probably contracted and confirmed a craving appetite for intoxicating liquors. He has pampered a relish for gaming. Or he has rendered costly cigars a necessity to his enjoyment by habituating himself to that senseless luxury. And so during the year of high wages and continual employment he has gone on wasting daily sums which, if he had saved--and then forced these savings to work for him, drawing interest while he slept--would have made him comfortably independent now; and would have also brought him to his time of life free from many of the habits which it has cost him much money to create, and indescribable annoyance now, because he lacks the money to gratify them. Take a mechanic, for instance, who expends on an average twenty cents a day for liquor, and as much for other useless luxuries. Then calculate what these outlays aggregate since 1861, and you are brought face to face with the result. The man has expended for trifles and actual injuries to himself, one hundred and forty-six dollars each year for fourteen years, or two thousand and forty-four dollars in all.

Here, then, we see at a glance what any frugal and sensible man might have done during the period of "flush times" since 1861. And even this does not represent the full benefits to him. The habits of business, of economy, of steadiness, and of sobriety, together with the methodical life he must have learned to live, would place such a man in a position with his employers to have commanded constantly increasing wages, and the certainty of work as long as his employer had need for any one in his business. For it is not to be denied that just such men as these habits of frugality and saving develop, are always in demand, and are never willingly parted with. Employers find their own highest interest in retaining such men, and every employer in the land looks out for his own interest first. So that the man who takes care of his hard earned pennies makes the earning of other sums easier, and makes himself of far more consequence to everybody, than the spendthrift who squanders his wages in beer-shops until he is penniless and worthless; and is at last dismissed for utter worthlessness and then kicked out of the dram shop because he is penniless. Believe us when we say this picture is not overdrawn. There is nothing in it which may not be proved any day. Take a slate and pencil and you can easily prove the money feature of this article. Use your eyes and you can see proofs of the rest of it, wherever you may chance to look. And we very firmly believe that the antagonism existing, or presumed to exist, between Capital and Labor, would be so effectually solved if workmen would but exercise some discretion and control of themselves, in the manner we have here indicated, that the incendiary harangues delivered by the Xingo Parks, Brallaughs, John Sineye (and other humbugs and bloodsuckers who live off of working men as their "champions" while carefully avoiding all honest work themselves) would pass for just what they are--offensive wind--and these demagogues would be forced to live by honest work, or starve. This matter of the inculcated antagonism of interests which are so interwoven that one cannot be healthy while the other suffers, is one we think, which grows more out of the working man being untrue to himself, than from his employers tyranny. At least the idea we have endeavored to advance in this article offers an untried solution of the trouble. And we therefore sincerely commend it to the attention of those to whom it is addressed.—*Ex.*

A Strange Story.

A prominent colored man, who died on Tuesday and was buried yesterday, just before his death told a most horrible story of a murder committed by himself about three years ago.

He called loudly for the "blood to be caught in the pan," and solemnly averred that he would "never do so again." Then, in a clear and connected manner, he stated that about three years ago a white man, whom he knew to have a large sum of money, drank at his bar, and got shaved by him. He cut the customer's throat with the razor, concealed his body, and at night, assisted by his brothers, (names and number purposely omitted by us,) he sunk the remains in the canal with a heavy weight attached, appropriating the stranger's money.

He continued that the canal was subsequently dragged by the authorities, which we remember to have been done, but the body having been covered by the mud, was not discovered. His last cries were prayers that the horrid scene of the murder should be hidden from his eyes, and he died praying forgiveness for the crime he committed.

Strange as this story may sound, we believe every word of it to be true, and hope the police will endeavor to bring out all the facts in the case. A representative of the *News* last night went through the slums and perlieus of Jefferson street, and the mysterious murder was on every tongue. The fact that publicity of the circumstances would "scandalize" the rest of the family seemed to be the most prominent arguments in favor of secrecy.—*Lynchburg News.*

The Dance.

Dancing itself is a harmless and healthful amusement when not carried to excess; but the seeds of death are too often sown in the ball-room, not from dancing, but from the circumstances under which it is carried on. For instance, what can be more likely to produce apoplexy or some serious illness, than the practice of eating ices when thoroughly heated by violent exercise.

Again, the atmosphere of many a ball-room, crammed, as it often is, with three times as many people as it can comfortably contain, is enough of itself to poison any one not acclimated to suffocation by previous training.

Then there are sudden changes of temperature to which young ladies, insufficiently clad, are exposed on leaving the heated rooms as they return home, overtired and in precisely the same condition under which such changes of temperature are likely to affect them if they have any tendency to lung disease. The late hours, also, which are necessarily kept in the season, cannot be otherwise than prejudicial to the health of both old and young, and probably cause many illnesses that are unjustly credited to other sources.

Thus pointedly does the Washington *Capital express* the truth. Commenting on Blaine's course in the amnesty debate, it says: "It has taken twice as long to pardon as it did to defeat the people of the South, and they who refuse to forgive them now refused to fight them then; and the wounds which were made by the swords of our soldiers are being irritated by the tongues of our politicians."

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1876.

Meeting of the State Democratic-Conservative Executive Committee.

ROOMS OF THE DEM. EX. COMMITTEE,
RALEIGH, N C., January 29th, 1876.

At a meeting of the Central Executive Committee of the Democratic Conservative party this day held, it was resolved that a meeting of the State Executive Committee be called to assemble in the city of Raleigh, on Wednesday, the 15th day of March, 1876. The object of the meeting is to decide upon time and place of holding the State Convention of the Democratic-Conservative party and to consider such other matter before the Committee.

Each member of the Committee is earnestly requested to be present.

W. R. COX, CHAIRMAN.
J. J. LITCHFORD, Secretary.

A GOOD GARDEN.—Remember, the foundation of a good garden is good seeds, in the first place, and good culture afterwards.

At ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE, you will find *all fresh and reliable* SEEDS. No old stock on hand, remember that.

ORGANIZE.—A writer in the Mt. Airy *Watchman* suggests "the great importance of thorough organization in county and townships; the Executive county committee should appoint five, or more, working men, (not drones in the hive) in each township, whose duty it shall be to go to the registration books and procure the name of each registered voter, and see that every man has a copy of the proposed amendments to the constitution, and the same explained to him; and whose farther duty shall be to see that every man who is qualified shall be registered, the direliction of this duty very nearly caused the party's defeat last August. It may be somewhat early and premature to suggest these thoughts to the people, but the experience of former campaigns justifies us in urging a thorough and complete organization.'

Every county and township in the State should be thoroughly organized, as every effort will be made by our opponents to defeat the Conservative party in this State. Let us all go to work in our respective neighborhoods, and use all honorable means to insure the success of our party. Through the medium of the local press much can be accomplished, and our friends should see that their county papers are well supported and encouraged to put forth their full strength and influence. A fund should be raised to supply all who cannot conveniently pay for a paper. That method has been resorted to by our opponents, heretofore, and no doubt will be again. Let us be up and doing.

Railroad Meeting at Danbury.

From the Danbury *Reporter* we learn that a railroad meeting was held at that place on the 7th inst. After the meeting was organized the *Reporter* says:

Mr. A. H. Joyce addressed the meeting in a very forcible speech, detailing the great benefits of railroads generally. After the speaking a call was made for subscriptions, and a goodly number responded.

The people seem to be very much in favor of a railroad, and say they will subscribe more liberally after the road is located and it is understood that it will be built.

It was urged by the speaker that the friends of the road should bestir themselves, and get up all the stock they can.

It was expected that several gentlemen from both Greensboro and Mt. Airy, would have attended this meeting, but owing, we suppose, to the inclemency of the weather, none were present from those places.

Our Surry and Stokes friends certainly deserve success, for they are agitating their railroad scheme with ability and untiring energy. They seem determined, if possible, to have a railroad of some kind, to secure an outlet for the products of that fertile region of country, abounding in agricultural and mineral wealth, and we hope they may succeed in their undertaking.

Past Finding Out

The Perry county, Pa., *Democrat*, which is owned and edited by Hon. John A. Magee, ex-member of Congress, publishes a telling article in regard to the vicious practice of compromising with government defaulters. It gives a table containing the names of fourteen prominent defaulting collectors of internal revenue, with the amount due from each, the amount released through compromise and the dates of the letters written by Secretaries of the Treasury approving such compromises. The total amount owed to the government by these fourteen collectors was $1,604,075.29, of which $1,231,604.77 was released and thus lost, leaving $372,470.52 to be restored to the Treasury. There is no apparent reason why most of this stolen money should not have been recovered from the sureties. Certainly a sharp prosecution of the sureties, who were commonly responsible men, would have saved a much larger porcentage than was saved by the suspicious system of compromise. In the case of Collector Joshua A. Bailey, who got away to Brazil, or some other safe South American country, with $728,871.82 of moneys collected by him unaccounted for, the Department kindly released $678,891.82 and compromised on receiving $50,000, though such men as George Opdyke, Aug. Schell and Thomas C. Durand, leading capitalists of New York, were among his sureties. Why Secretaries of the Treasury should accept such a paltry part of debts so abundantly secured is among the things that "no fellah can find out," or has succeeded yet in finding out. The present Democratic House may manage to throw light upon it. Mr. Magee complains that he introduced a resolution in the last House calling for information on this subject, but the Republican managers promptly squelched it.

Foreign.

There was rejoicing in Spain on account of a great victory gained over the Carlists. Madrid dates of Feb. 21, say: The Government have sent a circular dispatch to their representatives abroad, announcing the capture of Montejuro, and the occupation of the Carlist positions above Vera. The dispatch admits the combat was sanguinary—the Carlists fighting with great valor. Great rejoicing in Madrid, and the city was illuminated.

The Carlist lines were broken last Friday, and it is reported Don Carlos has fled to France.

DIRECTORY.—We are indebted to John H. Boner for a copy of the Congressional Directory, compiled by Ben Perley Poore.

BEECHER EXCITED.—A New York date of February 18 says: Beecher concluding before council compared himself to a central body on which were concentrated all the rays of the sun. He challenged any man on earth to say a thing to his detriment. Said he: "I hereby challenge him to say it!" (Cries of Good, Good.) If there is any angel of good I challenge him to say aught against me! Aye, I go far beyond that, I challenge the truth from God himself!"

MOULTON ON BEECHER.—From dates of Feb. 21, it appears that both Bowen and Moulton have written denunciatory letters to Beecher's Advisory Council. Moulton says: "I am prepared to prove Henry Ward Beecher guilty of adultery and perjury by evidence both oral and documentary and if allowed the opportunity of producing such proof before the council, if I fail to make good this assertion then I am willing to be criminated and denounced by mankind as a wretch devoid of truth and honor and un worthy of human association."

Some of the Southern Law-Makers.

A gentleman in Iredell county, N. C., sends us the following information about two negro members of the Alabama Legislature who have heretofore been published as escaped thieves from North Carolina. The negro mentioned as "Hugh" Carson by our correspondent we presume is the fellow now in the Alabama Legislature as "Henry" Carson. The gentlemn who sends us this letter is one of the best citizens of Iredell, and we are sure his statements are correct:—*Charlotte Democrat.*

RIVER HILL, Iredell Co., N. C.
Feb. 4th, 1876.

EDITOR CHARLOTTE DEMOCRAT:—The notorious Hugh Carson, together with Alm Carson, John Cowles, and others of their comrades, are well known in portions of Iredell, Yadkin and Davie counties, where they dug under meat houses, unlocked, prized up and opened smoke houses, and stole bacon, corn, wheat, leather, tobacco, cotton, &c. Alm Carson, who assisted Hugh in stealing the bacon for which Hugh ran away, it is well known he served in the State Penitentiary the time required of him by the Superior Court of Davidson county. Hugh made his escape from Jail at Lexington just before the time of his trial and has not, to my knowledge, been heard of since that time until now as a member of the Alabama Legislature. The bacon was stolen from Mr. Lee Nicholson, dec'd, son of Mr. T. A. Nicholson, late Senator from Iredell. Mr. N., with many others, can give evidence against Hugh that will send him to the Penitentiary.

Is it not a shame that two negroes, justly deserving 50 lashes each at the whipping post, are members of a Legislature.

Mr. Editor, the above are solid facts, such as the honest class of people 10 miles around here will agree to, and is not mere flossip. Those scoundrels lived within one mile of the County Line for about two years, and the citizens for miles around were completely worn out with them.

I am anxious that the people of Alabama should know something of these rascals, and, if you feel disposed, publish these facts, and transmit them to Alabama, and you will doubtless do that people a great kindness. G.

Premiums on Field Crops,

TO BE AWARDED AT THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, TO BE HELD IN FAYETTEVILLE ON THE 14TH, 15TH, 16TH AND 17TH OF NOVEMBER, 1875.

FIELD CROPS.

For the largest crop of corn produced on one acre of upland—not less than 50 bushels—premium $10.00

For the largest crop of corn produced on four acres of upland, not less than 50 bushels, premium $10.00

For the largest crop of cotton produced on one acre, not less than 2,000 lbs. in the seed, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of cotton produced on four acres, not less than 1,700 lbs. in the seed per acre, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of wheat produced on one acre, not less than 20 bushels per acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of oats produced on one acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of rye produced on one acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of field peas produced on one acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of ground peas produced on one acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of rice produced on one acre, not less than 40 bushels, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of sweet potatoes, not less than one-half acre, and not less than 400 bushels per acre, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of Irish potatoes on not less than one-fourth of an acre, and not less than 400 bushels per acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest yield of pea vine hay on one acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest yield of native grass hay on one acre, not less than 4,000 lbs. per acre, on land prepared for hay—quality to be taken into consideration—premium $10.00.

For the largest yield of red clover per acre, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of tobacco on one acre, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of turnips on not less than half acre, and not less than 400 bushels per acre. premium $5.00.

CROPS RAISED BY BOYS.

For the largest crop of cotton produced on one acre, by a boy under 18 years of age, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of corn produced on one acre, by a boy under 18 years of age, premium $5.00.

The Committee will award no premium where the yield is not considered creditable.

The measurement of the land and quantities raised per acre must be vouched for by affidavits of two respectable witnesses.

The above premiums on field crops are offered to the counties of Cumberland, Harnett, Chatham, Moore, Montgomery, Robeson, Richmond, Bladen, Sampson and Johnson.—*Fayetteville Gazette.*

THE MOUNT AIRY WATCHMAN.—Charles C. Harryman, Esq., late of the Hillsville *News*, has revived the Mt. Airy *Watchman*. The *Watchman* makes a very creditable appearance, and no doubt will do good service in the ensuing campaign. Success.

ENCOURAGING.—We have received five letters this week, encouraging us to go on in the Conservative course we have adopted. The letters brought us fifteen new subscribers from this county and the adjoining portion of Davidson.

THE PAPER MILLS.—We are pleased to learn from the Charlotte *Democrat* that the paper mills in Lincoln and Cleaveland counties are in operation again, the Messrs. Tiddy, of Charlotte, running them for the present, as Agents.

The first article in the March number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, is a continuation of the valuable series of papers on "The Century—its Fruits and its Festival." Sketches of India," handsomely illustrated, are continued, with increasing interest. Rebecca Harding Davis contributes a striking description of our "Life-Saving Stations." "The Eutaw Flag," by Robert Wilson, is a highly interesting story of the Revolution, which takes its title from that old relic of our war for Independence." "Lady Blanche Murphy's article on "Convent Life and Work" gives the reader an inside glance at convent life, as well as other able articles, which with the usual "Monthly Gossip," and "Notices of New Books," comprise the contents of a very excellent number.

The February number of the *Southern Planter and Farmer* is received. It contains a picture and sketch of Col. Holt, President of the North Carolina Agricultural Society; and articles from Gen. Fitz Lee, Col. Dromgoole, "Civis," Judge Cox, and other representative farmers of our Southern States. Every question of vital interest to the farmer is handled with perfect candor. In fact, it contains all a farmer would like to see, and we trust our friends will avail themselves of the aid it offers them in so many ways.

Published at Richmond, Va., at $2 a year.

Senator Bruce on the President.

For a week or more, the papers have been circulating a scene which occurred in Executive session of the Senate. Bruce (colored) declared himself opposed to Grant and the third term; he thought Grant cared very little for the South, and he would not support him, if nominated. He advised the colored people to make terms with the native residents of the South. He said that Bruce told the President that he (Grant) cared more for his own interests than he did for the colored people, and that the President listened quietly and finally said that he should pursue his own course and be dictated to by no one, whereupon the hot African blood rushed into the colored Senator's face and he said to the President, with deepest passion:—

"Very well; you do as you please and I will do as I please," and then he hastily withdrew.

During the debate on Billings' confirmation Bruce said:—

I will fight this thing to the bitter end, and I want it clearly determined whether the colored voters of the South, of which I believe I am the highest representative in Congress, have any rights under the constitution. I intend to have this definitely settled. I am not through. I shall make a speech and appeal to the people, if Grant is to rule my constituents as he pleases without regard to the rights which are supposed to be guaranteed to all citizens of the United States.

Referring to the Pinchback case he said that the Senate had been too long inactive in making up their minds whether Pinchback was to have the seat which belonged to him and for which his people had cast their votes. He defined the inaction of the Senate as characteristic of all their dealings toward the colored people.

Let the consequences be what they may the exciting scene in the Senate executive session yesterday has been the topic of general conversation this afternoon and evening, and the attitude of the colored Senator Bruce, towards the administration, and even the Republican party, is, in some quarters, thought very serious. Mr. Bruce does not confine himself to denunciations of the President. It is said that in the course of his speech yesterday he turned on Senator Morton, who was listening intently, and, pointing his finger at him, said: "Shake not your bloody shirt at me."

Senator Spencer, of Alabama, came to Bruce to-day to mollify him, and told him that he must not let Senator Alcorn persuade him, who was a mischief maker and disorganizer and was intriguing to carry Bruce away from his true friends.

"Stay by us; we are your true friends," urged Spencer.

Bruce, who listened in some excitement, replied:—

"Governor Alcorn is a gentleman, sir. I know him. He is a gentleman. As for you, Senator Spencer, you are a carpet-bagger and a boot-licker for Grant. Go and lick your master's boots, but don't call on me to do it."

The conversation abruptly ended at this point.

Washington Items.

We are pleased to see that the House of Representatives is still at work, retrenching and reforming. In addition, there is a desire to have as early an adjournment of the present session as possible. Considerable time was occupied by the Blainites, some weeks since, in order to stir up strife and open the old war wounds, but we hope the Republicans of that stripe, not having made much capital by the operation, will keep quiet now, and let legislation go on.

WASHINGTON Feb. 18th.—Taylor, Weed, and Gamage a millionaire lawyer and ex-Treasury agent, were arrested on a warrant from New Orleans for passing fraudulent claims against the Treasury. Taylor and Weed gave bail on one hundred thousand dollars. Gamage is not arrested. The amount is over three hundred thousand dollars.

Cox has been appointed speaker *pro tem* during Kerr's absence to recruit his health.

The Secretary of War asks for an appropriation of half a million to pay troops in advance of the regular deficiency bill. All persons forwarding legal tenders or fractional currency to the Treasury must prepay it. Contract rate 12½ cents on sums under five hundred dollars; twenty-five cents per thousand on larger sums.

The Committee on Appropriations hope to reach a reduction of seven millions in the executive and legislative printing and engraving and the bureau will not resume work until the appropriation is made.

At our latest date, Feb. 21st, a bill was introduced in the House to restore to market the public lands in Alabama, Mississippi and Florida.

Bill to reorganize the Judiciary passed the House.

In the Senate many petitions were handed in for the repeal of the Bankrupt act.

DEATH OF R. F. SIMONTON.—We learn from the Charlotte *Observer*, that R. F. Simonton, Esq., of Statesville, died on Sunday morning last at the Arlington House, in Danville, Va. He was on his way to Richmond, on business.

Mr. Simonton was a highly respected gentleman, and has been for many years known in Railroad and Financial circles, and was Cashier of the Bank of Statesville at the time of his death. He had been afflicted for many years, and has been very feeble for the past two or three years.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

STATE ITEMS.

Work has been begun on the telegraph line between Salisbury and Asheville.

John Lafrantz, a French tailor, of Wilmington, has mysteriously disappeared.

It is rumored in Asheville, that Mr. A. Ray, Deputy Marshall, was shot and killed in Mitchell last week by some whisky men.

Lightning struck the barn of Mr. R. J. West, of Salisbury, on Monday morning last, and destroyed it totally, with a quantity of dry straw and fodder.

John L. Burke, convicted of highway robbery, and sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years, has just escaped from the Rutherford jail.

Ex-Judge Tourgee has been confirmed as Pension Agent at Raleigh, and will remove to that city shortly.

Governor Brogden has appointed Walter Sherwood, of Wellsboro, Pa., a commissioner of deeds for North Carolina.

Life is short, but we should do all we can to prolong it. Check a cough or cold at once and use an old reliable remedy such as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The Charlotte *Democrat* says: Mr. Henry Wise, living in Howard's Creek Township, Lincoln county, was killed almost instantly on the 2nd instant by his mules running away with his wagon. He was an old man, about 80 years. A Mr. Armstrong was also badly hurt at the same time, but will recover.

James Hicks, of Lincoln county, is dead, aged 106 years.

The *Sun* says three negro prisoners confined in Concord jail succeeded in wrenching out an iron bar, thereby effecting their escape.

The *Enquirer* says that three negroes—Jack Ross, Charley Rossin and Dave Dye—confined in the jail at Monroe, broke out on the night of the 11th inst., by filing one of the bars of iron that is placed across the window, in two, and making a rope of blankets by which they descended to the ground.

The Rutherford *Regime* says: A company supposed to have large capital have purchased the Cranbury Iron Works in Mitchell county, and are now constructing a rail road from Johnson City, Tenn., to the works. The road will soon be completed.

The Portsmouth *Enterprise* says: The fisheries on the Albemarle sound are expected from the indications to do well this season. The gillers have commenced to take shad and rock very briskly, and the chances of a good yield are very favorable.

The Raleigh *Sentinel* says: Henry Best, of Greene county, has six sons. Robert W. Best, former Secretary of State, is the eldest, and Rufus E. Best, now in the city, is the youngest. The six are 37 feet 6½ inches in length, and weigh 1,200 pounds. Robert W. Best is the tallest, 6 feet 6 inches. R. I. Best the shortest, of the house of Elbert, Witz & Co., Baltimore, is no squatty chap, being 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings. They are all temperate, industrious business men, like their father before them. The elder Best was never known to chew or smoke tobacco, drink whisky or swear, nor did he allow his boys to do so.

An election was held at Hickory, to ascertain whether the citizens were willing to vote a tax on the town to assist in building a railroad from there to Lincolton, to connect with the Carolina Central at that place. The result of the election was almost unanimous in favor of the scheme—only one dissenting vote.

The Wilmington *Star* says that Mr. D. Piper, who has served in the capacity of Route Agent on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta, Railroad for the past ten or eleven years, was removed a few days since, and a colored man by the name of Jacob Thompson, a resident of Columbia and formerly captain of a militia company in Richland county, was appointed in his stead.

At a meeting held in Raleigh resolutions were adopted, that the merchants of Raleigh resist under the law the indictments of the Solicitor for failing to list taxes, and that they agree to assess themselves to that end.

TAKE CARE!—One of the boys of Ira Hinshaw, of Chatham County, while endeavoring to get into a moving wagon, with an axe in his hand, was fatally cut in the neck by a spoke of the wheel striking the handle of the axe; living only two hours afterwards.

The Raleigh *News* says: Adolphus Moony of Rutherford was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in the county jail and judgment was given again him for the the costs of the prosecution. Before his imprisonment expired Gov. Brogden pardoned him and he was discharged without having paid the costs. The Solicitor then called on Moony to show cause why execution shouldn't issue for the cost; in answer thereto he pleaded the Governor's pardon. Judge Schenck held that such was not the effect of the pardon and ordered the execution to issue, and Moony appealed to the Supreme Court. There was no error in the judgment below. Judge Bynum in rendering the decision said that an absolute pardon discharged a fine imposed, because that goes to the public, and the Governor represents the public, but the costs belong to private persons, and the pardon can no more discharge the costs than it can discharge a debt due by the defendant to a third person.

Last week Sheriff Griffith of Caswell county, accompanied by Mr. N. P. Oliver, of Yanceyville went over into Halifax, Va., to arrest Leven Brandon and son, on a requisition from the Governor. Arriving at their domicile Leven leveled a gun at the Sheriff, who nothing daunted stepped up to him and wresting the gun out of his hand threw it aside; in the scuffle the darkey slipped out of the sheriffs grasp, (in consequence of having on heavy gloves,) and made his escape bareheaded, barefooted and coatless. During the Sheriff's scuffle with the father, Oliver tangled with the son (a stout buck,) who resisted, when Oliver drew a pistol to shoot him, but the darkey managed to knock it out of his hand with a shovel. Oliver now closed on him and wresting the shovel out of his hand dealt him a few blows that quieted him, and they marched him off to Yanceyville jail. These negroes are charged with robbing Wm. Long's factory of tobacco.—*Milton Chronicle.*

FIRE IN LEXINGTON.—J. W. Earnhardt, of Lexington, lost his fine store-house and goods by fire on Wednesday night of last week. Loss $10,000.—Insured for $6,000. Origin of the fire unknown; probably accidental.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—William Hargrave, of Rowan county, aged 24, went out with some companions, while at Hart's sale to run a horse race. At a sharp turn in the road his horse shied unexpectedly into a path, bringing the rider's chest and face against a tree which stood between the path and the road. He survived his injuries seven days, and died greatly lamented.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

The Elizabeth City *Economist* says: Two Camden County girls received an insulting letter from a male biped who had once visited them. They said nothing, but availed themselves of an opportunity when the family was away, and invited him to see them. When seated, awaiting their entrance, they made their appearance, one with a pistol pointed, the other with a gun. They ordered a halt, made a negro man tie him securely, and then, with their own fair hands, gave him such a hot jacket as he deserved.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—Sadlier's Catholic Directory for 1867 gives the following statistics of the Catholic Church in the United States: Total Catholic population, 5,620,000; archbishops, 11; bishops, 56; priests, 5,074; churches, 4,046; chapels and stations, 1,482; total churches, stations and chapels, 6,508; theological seminaries, 23; ecclesiastical students, 1,273; colleges, 83; academies and select schools, 557; parish schools 1,645; asylums, 214; hospitals, 96.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE CENTENNIAL EXPENSES.—The expenses of the Centennial Exhibition, conducted on ever so economical a scale, will be great, and the Philadelphians, as well as the commissioners, are exercising all their brains to make it pay. The cost is estimated as follows: Main building, $1,500,000; Art Gallery, $1,500,000; Machinery Building, $550,000; Horticultural Building, $250,000; other buildings, with stock yards, improvements, bridges, &c., $1,000,000. Aggregate permanent cost, $4,800,000.

The presumed expense of "running" the exhibition during the six months, in which is included the cost of water supply, light, fuel, moving of machinery, administration, police, and a liberal allowance for contingencies, increases this estimated total of cost to $8,000,000. The board of finance started out to raise this sum by sales of stock and from State appropriations. The citizens of Philadelphia furnished $1,500,000, and the State of Pennsylvania $1,000,000 from the word go. These amounts are not represented in stock subscriptions, which so far reach a little over $2,500,0000. This leaves $3,000,000 to be raised.

Charlotte Cushman, the most celebrated histronic actress of the American stage is dead. Her death was caused by cancer of the heart.

The funeral ceremonies of Miss Cushman were imposing. Many of the best people in Boston were present. The crowd was unable to enter the church. Front pews were reserved for the profession. Gov. Rice and several other State dignitaries were present.

R. D. Ruffin, colored, of the Virginia Legislature, was expelled for abstracting money from pay-book of Sergeant-at-Arms which belonged to another colored member.

BLOODY AFFAIR IN GRAYSON COUNTY, VA.—A gentleman from Grayson county, furnishes the Wytheville *Dispatch* the following details of the killing of Mr. John Hawks and the wounding of Mr. Gaully Hawks and another man whose names he had forgotten:

On Sunday morning last about 8 o'clock a general row occurred at Harris' house, near old Grayson court-house, during which Mr. John Hawks was shot and killed. Mr. Gaully Hawks, a brother of John, was shot in the back and severely wounded while endeavoring to escape from the house. The third man was also wounded in attempting to get away from Harris' residence. It seems that one man did all the shooting, while those who were the victims were unarmed, or, at least, did not return the fire of their assailant. A man named Todd, it is supposed, did the shooting; and an old grudge—family feud, perhaps—was the cause. The parties have been arrested.

Twenty-two men have been killed and thirty wounded in Grayson county in the last twenty years.

59 persons were recently lost by another shipwreck.

MAIL ROBBERY.—The United States mail between New Orleans and New York was recently robbed of upwards of $600,000. The mail-bags and a number of letters were found in a swamp in the vicinity of Mobile.

There have been severe storms and floods in Europe last week.

MARRIED,

In this place, on the 17th inst., in the Moravian Church, by Rev. A. L. Oerter, Mr. WILLIAM C. HOLMAN, of Alamance, to Miss ANNIE C. BELO, of this place.

In Danbury, on the 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. Huff, Mr. W. B. RUCKER, of Patrick county, Va., and Miss CLEMMIE L. MCANDLESS, of Danbury.

In Stokes county, on the 3d inst., Mr. H. L. REDDICK and Miss MARY SIMMONS, daughter of Gideon Simmons.

DIED.

JOB WORTH, Esq., an old and prominent citizen of Surry county, died at his residence, eight miles below Mt. Airy, on Thursday of last week, in the 63rd year of his age.

Mr. Worth was for many years a member of the County Court of Surry, and a very efficient member of the Board of Commissioners of said county. He leaves many friends and relatives to mourn his death.

Mr. MICHAEL WALL, who resided near the mouth of Bull Run, in Surry county, died on Wednesday, of last week, aged 105 years. Mr. Wall was the oldest citizen of Surry county.

AN AGENT is wanted in every county for Frank Leslie's Newspapers and Magazines, the oldest established Illustrated Periodicals in America. They are now first offered to canvassers, who will, if they secure an agency and exclusive territory, be enabled to introduce seventeen First Class Illustrated Periodicals, suited to so many distinct tastes or wants, and, with the choice from Eight new and beautiful chromos, given free of cost to each annual subscriber, be enabled to secure one or more subscriptions in every family in their district. To skillful canvassers this will secure permanent employment, and the renewals each year will be a source of steady and assured revenue. Specimen papers and most liberal terms sent to all applicants who name the territory they desire to canvass. Address, Agency Department, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

Remember This.

Now is the time of the year for Pneumonia, Lung Fever, Coughs, Colds, and fatal results of predisposition to Consumption and other Throat and Lung Disease. BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP has been used in this neighborhood for the past two or three years without a single failure to cure. If you have not used this medicine yourself, go to your Druggist, Dr. Thomson and ask him of its wonderful success among his customers. Two doses will relieve the worst case. If you have no faith in any medicine, just buy a Sample Bottle of Boschee's German Syrup for 10 cents and try it. Regular size Bottle 75 cents. Don't neglect a cough to save 75 cents.

GO TO THE
BARGAIN STORE!

PFOHL & STOCKTON
WINSTON, N. C.
Wholesale and Retail
MERCHANTS.

ALSO PROPRIETORS OF
Merchant's Hotel.

LAND FOR SALE!

I Will sell at the Court House in Yadkinville, on the 10TH Day of MARCH next, several tracts of valuable land, to wit: One tract of

128 ACRES,

known as the BINKLEY land, lying above Conrad's Ferry road, adjoining Dr. Kinyoun and Mrs. Elizabeth Conrad. Also one tract known as the STEWART LANDS, containing 281 ACRES, adjoining Isaac Jarratt and others. Also one tract known as the

WILLIAM RANDOLPH LANDS

Containing 181 Acres, adjoining the above mentioned Stewart lands. Also one tract of 80 acres, adjoining the above lands on the north. Also one tract of Wood land containing 25 or 30 acres, adjoining the Binkley lands, Mrs. E. Conrad and Dr. Kinyonn. Also four town lots, in Yadkinville, and one-half lot in East-Bend, the other half owned by A. Horn. The greater portion of these lands are well adapted to the cultivation of Tobacco, Corn, and Wheat. TERMS: One-tenth cash, and the remainder in Six Months. Title made when the purchase money is paid.

E. A. CONRAD Executor.
February 17th, 1876.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected by R. A. Wommack & Co Dealer in General Merchandise.

Corn,	00 a 75	Salt	1 50 a 0 0
Wheat,	1 00 a 1 15	" American,	0 00
Flour,	2 75 a 3 00	Candles ada.	18 a 20
Meal,	24 a 0	Oils, Linseed,	0.00 a 1.25
Chop,	2 a 2	" Kerosene,	22 a 30
Bacon	13½ a 18	Sheetings, Fries' B.	a
Pork,	0 00 a 9 00	" " A	8½
Lard,	12½ a 15	Yarn, Pries,	0 00 a 1 15
Eggs,	10 a 10	Iron,	5 a
Molasses,	35 a 40	Nails,	4½ a 5
Cheese Fac.,	18 a 25	Calf Skins, green,	10 cts.
" Mouht.	15 a 20	Tallow,	8 a 10
Butter	25 a 00	Beeswax,	28 a 30
Peas,	80 a 00	Clover Seed,	0 00 a 8 00
Apples, green,	50 a 0 75	Home grown;	0.00 a 0 00
" dried,	5 a 10	Barrels Flour,	Dull 50
Potatoes, sw.	60 a 65	Brick,	7.00 a 00.00
" Irish,	50 a 75	Shingles,	
Coffee,	22 a 30	Longleaf pine	4.50 a 5.50
Sugar,	8 a 16	Hay, per cwt.	50 a 60
" crushed,	18 a 18	Rags,	2½ a 3
Dried peel., peach.,	12½ a 22	Butter Beans,	13
" unpeel'd "	0 a 8	Dried Cherries	18 to 20
		Dried Blackberries,	0 to 10

WINSTON TOBACCO MARKET.

Breaks are steady and prices firm at quotations.

Lugs, Common,	$ 3 00 to 4 00
" Good working,	4 00 to 5 00
Fillers Common	5 00 to 5 50
" Good	5 50 to 10 00
Smokers Common	4 00 to 6 00
" good	6 00 to 9 00
" fancy	9 00 to 13 00
Wrappers Common	8 00 to 9 00
" good	9 00 to 15 00
" fancy	12 to 35 00

Danville Tobacco Market.

Primings	2 50 to 3 00
Lugs—Very Common,	4.00 to 6.00
" Medium,	6.00 to 8.00
Fine Smokers,	8.00 to 15.00
Leaf—Common,	5.00 to 7.00
" Good	8.00 to 12.00
Wrappers—Medium,	15.00 to 20.00
" Fine,	15.00 to 25.00
" Extra,	25.00 to 30 00

Richmond Tobacco Market.

NEW.

PRIMINGS—Loose,	$ 50 a 1 50
Prized,	1 50 a 2 50
LUGS.—Loose shd prized,	2 50 a 4 50
LEAF.—Common to medium,	5 50 a 8 00
Good,	8 50 a 10 50
Good fine brown and dark,	11 00 a 12 50
WRAPPERS.—Bright yellow, common to good,	12 50 a 25 00
Fine do do do	35 00 a 50 00

OLD.

BLACK.

LUGS—Common	$ 6 50 to 7 00
Good	7 50 to 8 00
Extra	9 00 to 9 50
LEAF—Common	9 00 to 11 00
Medium to good	0 00 to 10 00
Fine	15 00 to 18 00

BRIGHT.

LUGS—Common chaffy smokers and fillers,	9 00 to 12 00
Medium to good smokers and fillers,	12 00 to 20 00
Extra smokers	33 00 to 40 00
LEAF—Medium to good fillers	12 00 to 15 00
Extra fillers	17 00 to 20 00
WRAPPERS—Common	18 00 to 25 00
Medium to good	28 00 to 40 00
Fine	38 00 to 75 00
Extra	80 00 to 115 00

MAHOGANY.

WRAPPERS—Common to medium	15 00 to 20 00
Good to fine	25 00 to 35 00

Fayetteville, Feb. 16.—Bacon 12 a 16 Flour, $6.00 a $6 75; Corn 0 75 a 0 80; Oats 0 0 a 60; Rye, $1 00; Wheat, $0.00 a $0 00 Lard, 16 a 18; Brandy, $2 00; Whisky, corn $1 50 a $1 70; rye, $2 00 a $2 25; Salt $0 50 a 1 40; Salt 1 25 a 1 35.

Charlotte, Feb. 22.—Bacon 12 a 16; Flour, $3 00 a $3 50; Corn, 70 a 75; Oats, 40 60; Wheat, $1 15 a $1 25; Brandy, $1 75 a $2 00.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21. Gold 111.—No change in the produce market.

BALTIMORE, Corn white 62 a 63—yellow 57. No other changes.

PATTERSON & A.D. Keep a well selected line of
STAPLE CARPETS,
HEMP AND GRASS MATS,
OIL CLOTHS
TABLE LINEN AND NAPKINS.

They will soon add to their stock a line of WINDOW CURTAINS, bought of A. T. Stewart & Co., in elegant designs and at very low prices.

They correspond with large wholesale houses in the Northern cities that furnish Carpets, Oil Cloths and Curtains of any style or finish, and any order can be filled in a few days.

They keep also an assortment of the new and popular PAPER WARE.

Their's is the only house in this part of the State that can furnish BURIAL CASES, and BURIAL ROBES, the latest and handsomest garments for enrobing the dead.

INFELICE is Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's new and charming book, probably the best ever written by this most fascinating Southern authoress. The work is selling fast and Carlton's presses in New York are tasked to their utmost to produce them fast enough to supply the demand at Blums.

NORTH CAROLINA
State Life Insurance Company.
RALEIGH, N. C.
Capital - - 200,000.

OFFICERS.

Hon. KEMP P. BATTLE,	President.
F. H. CAMERON,	Vice President.
W. H. HICKS,	Secretary & Treasurer.
Dr. E. BURKE HAYWOOD,	Medical Director.
Dr. W. I. ROYSTER,	Assistant Medical Dir.
PROF. EDWARD B. SMITH,	Actuary.
J. B. BATCHELOR,	Attorney.
O. H. PERRY,	Supervising Agent.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. Kemp P. Battle,	Late Treasurer of North Carolina.
Hon. T. M. Holt,	President State Agricultural Society.
Dr. W. J. Hawkins,	Late President A. G. & M. & A. R. R.
Hon. John Manning,	Attorney at Law.
Gen. W. R. Cox,	Late Solicitor Sixth District.
Col. L. W. Humphrey,	President Atlantic & N. C. Railroad.
Col. W. E. Anderson,	Pres't Citizens' Nat. Bank, Raleigh.
John G. Williams,	Pres't State National Bank.
Hon. A. A. McKoy,	Judge Fourth District.
Capt. James A. Graham,	Attorney at Law.
Maj. F. H. Cameron,	Late Supt. Agencies N. A. L. Ins. Co.
J. C. McRae,	N. C. House Representatives.
J. B. Batchelor,	Counsellor and Attorney at Law.
J. C. Blake,	Cashier Raleigh National Bank.
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John Nichols,	Principal Deaf and B. Asylum.
Col. John A Gilmer,	Greensboro, Attorney at Law.
Gen. Rufus Barringer,	Charlotte, Attorney at Law.
Dr. E. Burke Haywood,	Raleigh, Medical Director.
John D. Williams,	Fayetteville, Pres. Cit. Nat. Bank.
W. D. Pennington,	Wilson, President Bank of Wilson.
John W. Fries,	Salem, Cotton Manufacturer.
Capt. A. B. Andrews,	Raleigh, North Carolina Rail Road.

Has issued nearly 2,000 policies. Prudent economical and energetic management has made it a thoroughly successful corporation, and the leading Life Company in the State.

Issues every desirable form of Policy at as low rates as are consistent with prudence and safety. Imposes no useless restriction upon residence or travel. Policies non-forfeitable after two or three annual payments. Has FIVE DOLLARS of ASSETS for every dollar of LIABILITIES, with which to secure Policy Holders.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY.

Its entire assets loaned and invested in NORTH CAROLINA, to foster and encourage Home Enterprises, and to protect and assist our own people.

With these facts before them, will the people of North Carolina continue to send out of the State annually, thousands upon thousands of dollars to build up Foreign Companies, when they can secure insurance equally reliable and on as good terms in their own

HOME COMPANY,

managed by some of the best and most prominent citizens of the State, and where every dollar of premium paid is invested in our own State, and among our own people?

O. H. PERRY, Supervising Agent.
W. PRIES, Local Agent, Salem, N. C.
Dr. V. O. THOMPSON, Local Agent, Winston, N. C.
Feb. 17, 1876.

LOCAL ITEMS.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.

Salem, N. C., Post Office Arrangement.—Office hours from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. during the week. As no mails arrive or depart on Sunday the office will not be open on that day.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING THE MAILS.

Railroad, from Greensboro to Salem, closes every day, except Sundays, at 7, a. m.; due every day except Sunday, by 6.30, p. m.

Mount Airy mail, *via* Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Little Yadkin, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek: closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 30, a. m.; due, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 3. p. m.

Madison mail, *via* Sedge Garden, Germanton and Walnut Cove, due, Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 5 p. m.; Closes, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 30 a. m.

Jerusalem mail, *via* Friedberg, Miller's Mill, Elbaville and Fulton: closes every Wednesday at 6, a. m.; due, every Thursday, 7, p. m.

Jonesville mail, *via* Mt. Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains East Bend and Booneville: due every Friday, by 7 p. m.; closes every Saturday, at 6, a. m.

Walkertown mail, *via* Salem Chapel, White Road, Belew's Creek Mills and Blakely: closes every Friday, at 4 30, p. m.; due, every Saturday, by 7, p. m.

Huntsville mail, *via* Clemmonsville, Lewisville and Panther Creek, closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 30, a. m.; due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.—Notices will be published in our local columns at 20 cents per line, every insertion, for regular customers who have standing advertisements in the PRESS. Otherwise, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

OBITUARY NOTICES.—All obituary notices and tributes of respect, over ten lines, will be charged at advertising rates. Terms cash.

SHOATS.—A few thrifty shoats, of good stock wanted. Apply at this office.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF PROPERTY.—We have been requested to announce that the annual meeting of the Society for the Protection of Property, will meet in Salem, on the first Saturday in March next, in the Commissioner's Hall, above the Post Office. All the members are earnestly requested to attend.

Those who are yet in arrears for the assessment of 50 cents to defray the expenses of the pursuit of "Matthew's horses," will please be prepared to settle up, as the matter cannot be longer delayed.

ON LAST SATURDAY AND SUNDAY the weather was delightful, too much so to be housed up. The past winter has been the mildest within the recollection of our oldest citizens. We are very much afraid however, that the peach crop will be a complete failure, as the buds are too far advanced to stand any very heavy frost. In some localities the trees have been in full bloom. Some predict a cold and cheerless March, with considerable snow, sleet and some ice.

SOMETHING NEW.

The INDEPENDENCE BREAD PLATE—represents the 13 original States with their representatives in Congress 100 years ago.

Nice for daily use in every family. Sold by

J. L. FULKERSON.

Jan. 6th, 1876.

MAJ. GALES' LECTURE.—On Thursday evening last, the Court-House was well filled with ladies and gentlemen to hear Maj. Gales' lecture on Odd Fellowship. The address was a most excellent one, as one might expect, from the well known and popular speaker, giving a general outline of the Order, its objects and benefits to the human race, as well as a complete refutation of all the objections which are so often urged against this worthy order. Major Gales was frequently applauded by as intelligent an audience as ever assembled in the Court-House.

John Williams, alias John Gilbert, etc., who stole a horse from John Dalton last fall, and who was arrested and put in jail at Henry Court-House, Va., and demanded by a requisition from the Governer of North Carolina, was brought to Stokes by our Sheriff last week, and lodged in the county jail to await his trial at the Spring Term of our Superior Court.—*Danbury Reporter.*

VALENTINES are good during the month, this centennial year. A few more on hand at the Bookstore, at half-price.

The aid extended by a number of our patriotic ladies,—always ready to lend a helping hand in good works,—was the means of making the recent Tableaux both satisfactory and successful, and the thanks of the Pythians are most heartily given to all who aided them.

WAUGHTOWN.—We notice a great many improvements going on in Waughtown, such as new buildings going up, old ones being remodelled, sidewalks fixed up &c. The sidewalk beginning at this end and extending the entire length of the village to P. E. Light, Esq., has been fixed up, curbed with logs and sanded, making it a good, substantial walk, which would do credit to larger places.

We are sorry to see that the old church building is fast going to decay. With a little exertion on the part of the citizens, (who generally succeed in all they undertake,) it might be repaired at a small expense, and serve as a house of worship for a great many years to come. It is an old land-mark, and should by all means be preserved.

☞ **GRAVE STONES.**—Persons wishing Grave Stones lettered before Easter, will please apply, without delay, to

W. T. VOGLER.

Selem, N. C., Feb. 17, 1876.

On last Saturday, a young man named Christ. Cumbo, living several miles from here, imbibed too freely of "crooked," "tangle-leg" or some other kind of whisky, and feeling pretty rich, came in town to buy the place, he said; but being more boisterous about it than was needful, he was taken in charge by NAMAN, who conducted him before the Mayor. His Honor not wishing to sell out, concluded to let him try one of our public institutions, and he was accordingly marched off to the Calaboose, where, in default of fine and costs, imposed for his boisterous conduct, he remained until Tuesday afternoon, when he was released, and went his way considerably cooled off.

Horse Drovers returning from the South report the market overstocked, times dull, and but little prospect of a change before the Spring fully sets in. The only thing looking at all hopeful is the prospect of the cotton planters becoming more and more independent, by raising their own grain and pork.

The Hamburg band enlivened our streets on Saturday night last, with "string music," with "big drum" accompaniment.

ENSIGN SAMUEL C. LEMLY, U. S. Navy, at home on leave of absence, for the past few months, received orders to report at Norfolk, Va., and left on Monday morning last. We wish him a pleasant time.

COME AND BUY. NOT WITHOUT MONEY.—In order to raise money to promptly pay a heavy surety debt, I propose to offer FOR A TIME, my large and desirable stock of Goods at COST, in such quantities as CASH buyers may desire. Come and avail yourselves of an opportunity which I trust will prove a mutual benefit.

Respectfully Yours,

Salem, N. C., Feb., 7th 1876. J. L. FULKERSON.

Monday noon a Main street man went home suffering from neurnigia in the head, and his wife persuaded him not to go to work that afternoon, but stay at home and keep quiet. He staid, and while his boy and several other children amused themselves upsetting chairs and dragging toy wagons around the room, his wife said to him:

"My dear, don't your head feel better now?"

Then all the man's efforts to keep quiet gave way, and as our space is limited, we will not go into details.

IF YOU WANT FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY GET BEST GOODS of

J. L FULKERSON.

Jan. 6th, 1876.

Henry Null has been appointed Post Master at Old Town, in place of Monck. Crews.

The members of the Y. M. M. S., will meet at their rooms in the Museum Building, this (Thursday) evening, at 7½ o'clock. Regular monthly meeting.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—We would direct attention to the new advertisement of Messrs. Patterson & Co.—The great bargains at Messrs. Everett's Shoe Store.—Valuable lands for sale by A. E. Conrad, Executor.

A large stock of DRESS GOODS. At reduced prices. J. L. FULKERSON

Salem, N. C., Jan. 6th 1876

THE DRESS BALL AND SOCIAL PARTY given at the Salem Hotel on Tuesday evening last, 22nd inst., was an enjoyable affair. Every one seemed to be pleased with himself and surroundings. The parlor and ball room was well filled with young ladies and gents from Salem, Winston and vicinity, as well as from several of our neighboring counties. The music was unusually good, and nothing occurred to mar the festivities.

The Cornet Band, for whose benefit the ball and party was given, gave some of their choicest airs in front of this venerable and well known Hotel, forcibly reminding us of ante bellum days, when Washington's birthday was generally observed in our town with music, and other public demonstrations.

THE LECTURE in the Academy Chapel, on Friday evening last, by Major Seaton Gales, of Raleigh, was well received by an intelligent audience. The lecture was principally intended for the ladies, and was highly interesting, and delivered in Mr. Gales' elegant and popular manner. There are few orators in the State that equal Mr. Gales, and none that surpass him as a speaker.

CAPT. DENSON was on a business visit to our town, and a guest of Wm. F. Shultz, Esq. We were pleased to meet the Captain, who is a clever gentleman, and well posted in the floral, ornamental shrub and shade tree line.

The Eden Public School, W. T. FISHEL, Teacher, will close with a public exhibition on the 2nd Saturday of March. No spirituous liquors allowed on the grounds.

NO MORE LICENSE.—We learn that in future, retail liquor license, to peddle from wagons, or from broken packages from place to place, will not be granted.

Shad and Drum Fish have made their appearance in this market.

OBSERVANCE OF LENT.—The Lenten season, especially observed in Protestant Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches, in commemoration of Christ's fast of forty days, will begin this year on Ash Wednesday, March 1st, ending on the eve of Easter Sunday, April 16th.

During leap year, the girl who counts all the gray horses she sees, until she has got up to a hundred, will be married within a year, to the first gentleman with whom she shakes hands after counting the one hundredth horse. Every girl in the city carries a memorandum book, that she may be sure to keep a correct record. One has already twenty-six, another eleven, and another who only began yesterday, has seven. If somebody would bring a drove of a hundred gray horses to town to-day, what a shaking of hands would take place to-morrow! *Jefferson City Tribune.*

TEXAS.—Returns indicate 50,000 Democratic majority in the Texas State election.

The Hon. A. W. Venable is gradually sinking from the infirmities of age.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Owing to the muddy state of the roads, making it bad to tramp around, our worthy hand-organist has laid away his instrument for the present, and has become agent for a celebrated rat-trap. Persons needing such a thing would do well to call on the agent at once, and obtain one. I have examined the traps and find them to be all wood and wire. Persons not having the cash, can pay for them in lard, butter or potatoes.—You will always find him at his office, No. 28 and 40.

BOSS OF THE MILL WAGON.

Philadelphia has built, during the last three years, nearly 20,000 houses, and now contains 164,000 dwelling houses. It is said that one-third of these may be used during the Centennial for boarding and lodging houses. Thirteen new hotels were built last year.

During January the demand for postage stamps, postal cards and stamped envelopes reached the unprecedented amount of three and a half million dollars' worth. These figures may be indicative of a rapid revival of business throughout the country.

Dr. J. B. Godwin, of Washington, N. C, has recently patented a new invention. It is a taper attachment to the kerosene lamp burner, by which a beautiful jet of light is produced without the least unpleasant odor or smoke, and it is intended for use in the sick chamber or sleeping room, where a smoking wick or a brilliant light is not bearable. When more light is necessary, it is only requisite to turn up the wick now in use and the flame is immediately communicated from the taper.

The Weldon *News* says a negro man, aged 110 years, lives near Whitaker's Mill, Nash county, who has had seven wives, and now has a daughter only five years old. He is active and hearty and takes his dram.

SMALL POX.—There are four cases of small-pox in Wilmington.

CHAPEL HILL.—The Hon. A. M. Waddell will deliver the Annual Address before the Literary Societies at the next Commencement of the N. C. University in June, and Rev. T. H. Pritchard will preach the Annual Sermon.—*Democrat.*

For the Press.

Wake Forest College.

Messrs. Editors:—Thinking that a brief account of the 41st Annual Celebration of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies of Wake Forest College, which took place on the 11th inst, might interest some of your readers, I will attempt to give a brief detail of the occasion.

At two and a half o'clock, P. M., a large audience assembled in the College Chapel. The weather being fine, the people in attendance were more than has been known for several years, on a similar occasion. By the time the last melodious notes of music were wafted away by the pleasant breeze, President B. F. Montague, of College Hill, call the house to order, the proceedings of last anniversary read and approved. Secretary J. W. Denmark, of Wilmington, read the query for discussion: "Is the career of Oliver Cromwell more to be condemned than admired;" and calls the first on the affirmative, W. L. Poteat, of Yanceyville, N. C.

He introdnces the question with a flowery speech; carries us back to the youthful days of the great Hero, views with great caution his career, relates many of his ambitious acts while a youth and after he had attained the supreme power, and, at last, closes his speech by giving a vivid account of his military career in Ireland, which no doubt is the greatest stain upon his character.

E. E. Folk, of Brownsville, Tenn., first on the negative, now replies to his opponent with great fervor. He compares the great hero to the sun, which rose and scattered the mist, in which England was shrouded when he entered the arena of life. He depicts the ignominious death of Charles, the oppression of the people for their religious principles, and the great relief Cromwell gave to his country by freeing it of its oppressor.

J. B. Powers, of Pender county, N. C., second on the affirmative, strikes a desperate blow at his antagonist, (Mr. Folk, who had been praising Cromwell for his religious principles), by relating many of his hypocritical acts, such as while he (Cromwell) was praying for the king his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and with the shrewdness of a Webster, he divides the career of Cromwell into three parts; as a general, statesman, and minister. From the way he handled the separate divisions he left no doubt among his audience but that he was thoroughly versed in history.

The second speaker on the negative, C. W. Scarbrough, of Wake county, N. C., rises seemingly much enthused. He presents a glowing account of Cromwell's career, points out the condition of England during the reign of the Stuart family up to Cromwell's time, and says, the time had arrived when there should be a nucleus about which the people should gather for the protection of their liberty, and Cromwell was the nucleus around which they gathered; and when the heroes should gather upon fame's eternal camping-ground and cluster around the God of liberty, then Cromwell would receive his crown decked with many laurels.

The question is now reread, and voted upon by the audience, and decided in the negative.

The utmost decorum prevailed during the discussion, and the debaters all showed themselves to be well acquainted with the history of England, as well as of Cromwell.

The audience is now dismissed by the President, with his thanks for the good attention paid to the debaters.

At seven o'clock, p. m., we again assembled to hear the addresses of the orators. The audience seems eager for the speakers to begin. Mr. J. L. Britt, of Wayne county, N. C., the Euzelian orator, opens the exercises, his subject (the motto of his Society) *Invenium viam aut faciam.*—I will find a way or make one.—The audience was splendidly entertained for three quarters of an hour. The speaker acquitted himself well, and we think there is no doubt but that he will make a way if he cannot find one, if he continues to persevere.

Mr. Britt is followed by Mr. J. T. Bland, of Pender county, N. C., the Philomathesian orator, his subject the motto of his Society, *Esse quam videri malo*—I had rather be than seem to be. This gentleman handles his subject with great skill, advances some splendid arguments. And those of us who know Mr. Bland know that he is what he seems to be, if not more. Upon the whole, the two Societies have cause to be proud of their young orators.

Exercises being over, the audience repaired to the Halls, where every one seemed to be in the zenith of their glory, especially the students. As it is *leap year* they looked for the ladies to make the requisite advancements and it is thought they did it. The fair sex was well represented, and the advancements they made no doubt met with a cordial reception.

STUDENT

FRESH SUPPLIES

—AND—

RARE BARGAINS.

WITHIN THE PAST TEN DAYS, we have added to our already large and varied stock of goods, the following:

Fresh Supply of best Brown, "C," Extra "C," and Cut Loaf Sugars.

A FINE LINE OF RIO COFFEES,

Both Green and Roasted.

In addition, we keep a superb article of ROASTED COFFEE, put up handsomely in 1 lb. papers.

Also, choice MOCHA COFFEE, the most delicious of all Coffees.

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BATH BRICK, 10 cents each, the best cleanser of household steel-ware.

A new invoice of those famous

LADIES' SHOES,

made by C. H. ROYAL, formerly ROYAL & READ.

PAPER WARE, of different kinds.

A nice selection of

NEW PRINTS,

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CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON, reduced to 80 cents per dozen,—single spools 8 cents.

COATS' SPOOL COTTON, 80 cents per dozen spools,—single spools, 8 cents. Of the latter we are expecting 500 dozen, direct from the Agents.

COATS' LINEN THREAD, on spools, a very superior article.

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10 PER CENT. BELOW COST.

In every instances the exact cost will be stated to the customer.

Such goods as may have been carried over for two seasons, will be sold at

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RARE BARGAINS.

Since the hard times have set in, *Prints* are not so good as formerly, and therefore a WISE ECONOMY dictates the purchase of better material, so that the labor and expense incident to the present elaborate make up of dresses, may not be thrown away.

PATTERSON & CO.

Salem, N. C., Feb. 17, 1876.

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WINSTON, N. C.

Has the BEST LIGHTED SALE-ROOM of any Warehouse in town.

IT WAS THE FIRST HOUSE TO REDUCE CHARGES. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES OBTAINED.

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"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

Future events prophecied by rules in BENNER'S PROPHETIC BOOK. Fortunes foretold in the ups and downs of prices for the next twenty years; the future judged by the past. What years to make money on pig-iron, hogs, corn, provisions, cotton, and when we will have the next panic, what year hard times will end and busines revive again. Every farmer, manufacturer, legitimate trader and speculator should have this book to know the future, so as to avoid loss and be successful. Sent to any name, post paid, for $1. Address SAMUEL BENNER, Bainbridge, Ross County, O.

FOR 1786.

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APPLETONS' JOURNAL appears in new type and with other mechanical improvements, making it the handsomest weekly literary journal in the country. APPLETONS' JOURNAL aims to be comprehensive, including in its plan all branches of literature, and treating all subjects of interest to intelligent readers; it designs to be elevated in taste and pure tone; it gives in quantity fully twenty-five per cent. more than the largest of the Monthly Magazines, while in quality its literature is of the highest class.

Price $4 per Annum; 10 cents per Number.

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which is offered, under special terms, to every subscriber—in advance—to JOURNAL for 1876.

This steel engraving is in line and stiple. It is not a fancy picture, but an actual representation of Charles Dicken's study at Gadshill, while the portrait of the distinguished author is strikingly faithful.

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The ordinary price of a steel engraving of this character in the print-shops would not be less than five, and perhaps six dollars. It is offered exclusively to subscribers, in addition to the JOURNAL for one year, for $5.00—that is, for $1.00 additional, each yearly advance subscriber to the JOURNAL for 1876 may receive a superb engraving worth fully five times the amount.

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AGENTS, the greatest chance of the age. Address, with stamp, National Copying Co., Atlanta Ga.

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Boots, Shoes and Hats AT COST!!

Purposing to close out our Stock entirely, we offer it, at retail, at cost.

Persons desirous of **GOOD GOODS** at **LOW PRICES**, will do well to call early.

S. H. & S. A. EVERETT.

Salem Feb. 9th, 1876.

VALENTINES AT THE BOOKSTORE.

A Situation Wanted.

THE undersigned desires a situation as Salesman or Agent, prefers Salem or Winston. He would commence, say between the 1st February and 1st of March. He believes from his experience, acquaintance, &c., he can control a considerable portion of the trade, and promises to do all he can for his employers. Please make me an offer, (which shall be confidential if desired), as I shall accept the position where the highest salary is offered.

Address, at present, E. L. HEGE,
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Jan 20 1mo-pd No 3

JOB PRINTING.

We call the attention of all classes who wish printing executed neatly, expeditiously, and upon reasonable terms, to the facilities offered at the People's Press Printing Establishment We can furnish, at short notice,

BLANKS, BILL-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS, CARDS
PROGRAMMES, HANDBILLS,
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES
POSTERS, NOTES, CHECKS,
DRAFTS&c., &c.

WOMMACK & CO have just received a complete line of NEW GOODS and offer their numerous customers a complete stock for the NEW YEAR, cheap for cash or barter.

January 8, 1876.

FARMER'S HEADQUARTERS

THE OLD RELIABLE

BROWN'S WAREHOUSE!

The Proprietors would remind their friends and patrons that they

Defy Competition and all Combinations.

That their House is being ENLARGED to accommodate their greatly increased business, giving them a LARGER FLOOR BY 2,000 SQUARE FEET than any house in Winston.—That they will have

Fourteen Large Sky-Lights, with Ten Doors for Unloading.

That their LOT HAS BEEN ENLARGED AND IMPROVED, and shall be equaled in convenience by none.

Will always gladly welcome you and extend every attention possible, and continue to

Guarantee the Highest Market Prices, Promptness and Accuracy.

Your Friends, Truly,

Nov. 18, 1875. T. J. BROWN & CO.

GOOD AND CHEAP GOODS!

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

FALL AND WINTER, 1875.

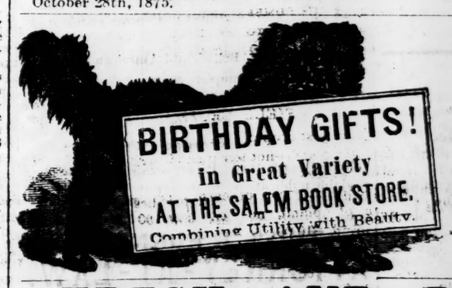
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Call attention to their complete stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, which they are determined to sell at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Don't fail to call and examine their GOODS. They are determined to please.

October 28th, 1875.



CHOICE

BOOKS

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At the Bookstore.

FRESH AND RELIABLE GARDEN SEEDS,

AT

Zevely's Drug Store.



THE "WILSON"

IS THE

MACHINE

THAT IS SOLD FOR

50 TO 55 DOLLARS,

and is warranted to do a greater variety of work, in a better manner, than any sewing machine in the world.

People unacquainted with Sewing Machines are urged to believe by Sewing Machine Agents that it is impossible to sell as good a machine for fifty dollars as they are selling for sixty-five dollars. Do not believe it. Do not take the *advice of an interested party*, but *examine for yourself, then you* will be *satisfied* that a first class Sewing Machine *can* be *sold* for fifty dollars, with all *attachments free.*

Besides the Grand Prize awarded to the Wilson Shuttle Machine at Vienna, it received at the Agricultural, Mechanical, and Horticultural Associajton, at Indianapolis, Indiana, of 1870, the gold medal, and at the State Agricultural Society of Michigan, in the year 1871, *two diplomas*, a diploma at the American Institute, New York, and a diploma and medal at the Great Northern Ohio Fair, held in Cleveland in the same year; and at the fairs in 1872 it carried off seven first premiums at the Northern Michigan Agricultural and Mechanical Society, and fourteen first premiums at the Ohio State Fair, for the best sewing machines and for various qualities and classes of work done on the machiue, together with a silver medal and diploma at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, for the best work done on sewing machines. A gold medal, two large silver medals, a bronze medal, and silver cup, were awarded to the Wilson machine and work done by it, over nineteen competitors, at the Louisiana State Fair, held at New Orleans in the Spring of 1873; and similar honors in Missouri and other states are among its trophies.

An agent of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company will, in a few days, sail from San Francisco for Chili in South America, where he will open a Branch House and exhibit the world renowned Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine at the grand exposition to be held at Santiago under the auspices of that government. By this step the Wilson Sewing Machine Company will complete the circuit of the globe. They have already immense agencies in China, Japan, British Indies, England, France and other parts of South America. Supreme in its superiority over all other sewing machines, the Wilson goes on widening its field year after year, carrying the blessings of a cheap capable and perfect sewing machine to the remotest haunts of civilization.

Superior merit and capabilities, cheapness in price, and ease of operation, have placed the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine far in advance of all other machines in the market. The public shows its approval of all that it is and does by purchasing the machines as fast as the Company can possibly manufacture them. There is no test of a sewing machine ever yet inaugurated but what has been used on the Wilson, and in every case it has come off ahead of every other machine in use. No pains or expense is spared in the material used in it, or the workmanship of its construction, to make the Wilson every way the best, most pleasant, and most durable sewing machine in existence.

Machines with all attachments free, will be delivered at any *home* in Western N. C., for 50 to 55 dollars *cash*, through the company's Branch Office at Salem, N. C.

Special contracts made with clubs of three or more.

A. M. JONES, Salem, N. C.

Agent for Western N. C.

WORKING AGENTS WANTED.

NOVEMBER 16, 1875.

Our Second Stock of Fall & Winter Goods.

HODGIN, HINSHAW & CO.,

We have just received the Largest and most varied stock of GOODS ever offered in Winston or Salem.

We buy for Cash only, and in quantities that enable us to get bottom prices, consequently we are offering goods at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

Our stock consists of every article of goods used by the masses of the people.

Heavy Groceries, Iron, Leather and Nails

MADE A SPECIALTY.

We invite all to examine our stock and prices. All saleable produce bought and sold.

Nov. 18, 1875.

Poetry.

Deacon Pitkins' Golden Wedding.

BY NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

My wife an' I, on yesternight,
Beside the fire was settin';
I, thinkin' on the last year's crops,
She noddin' o'er her knittin',
Puss, near the hearth-stun, lay asleep
Just where the fire shone on it,
And darter Nell sot by my side
Fixin' her meetin' bonnet,—

When, all to onct the knocker rapped,
An' thru the hall went pealin'
With such a din, it made Marier
Jump half way to the ceilin';
I startled so my specks fell off,
Puss ran with hair upmisin',
"'Tis Will!" said Nell, with both her cheeks
Like coals of fire a blazin'.

"James Pierson an' his wife, perhaps;
Or, mebbe, Parson Tabor;
Don't ye be skeert; I'll let 'em in;
Most likely 'tis a neighbor."
I tuck the lamp, an' crost the hall,
An' held it mighty keerful,
Fur of these bustin' sort o' iles
I'm allers kinder fearful.

I stud the light upon the steer,
An' then the door unlocking,
I sot it wide, when in the hall
A crowd of folks came flockin',
With Parson Tabor at the head,
The deacons comin' after,
An' all the village at their heels,
Half dead with screams of laughter.

Like swarms o' bees they crowded roun',
Both Misters and young misses;
The boys began to hug *Marier*,
The gals gin *me* sweet kisses.
Wal, so dumbfounded then was I,
My head felt like 'twas holler,
When I bethought me very rude,
An' axed them in the parlor.

O, Loddy massy, in they poured
With baskets, boxes, bundles,
An' a wheelbarrer farmer John
Into the parlor trundles;
A big wheelbarrer! jest chock full
O' punkins, fine and meller,
An' crook neck squash, an' pippins, too,
All plump, an' round, an' yeller.

My wife an' I stud side by side,
Our backs again the fire;
I slowly turned and says to her,
"I want to know, Marier!"
Says she, "Wal, really, so du I."
"Ha, ha!" says Deacon Keddin';
"Neighbor, jest let me wish you joy
Upon your Golden Weddin'."

With that he snatches off my specks
(I felt all uv a trimble),
Claps on a pair all bound with gold,
And gins Marier a thimble.
Good gracious me! each one hed brought
Some shiny thing or t'other;
Which on 'em all I liked the best
I couldn't ha' told ye nuther.
They jined in singin' "Old Lang Syne,"
Led on by young Will Heddin'.
Mayhap I kin ferget old friends,
But *not* my *Golden Weddin'!*

Humorous.

A Scene in a Sheriff's Office.

A newly elected sheriff was sitting in his office sad-eyed and haggard. He held in his hand a stack of manuscript representing the applications of eight hundred and seventy-nine candidates for positions of deputy sheriff, each one of whom said he had worked at the polls, and had gained him all the way up from two hundred to one thousand votes from their personal friends who did not vote the Democratic ticket.

A man attired in a blue shirt, with a paper collar and red nose, entered the office, and grasping the hand of the tired official, greeted him cordially. "Ah, Mr. Sheriff, but it's glad I am to see you looking so hearty; don't you know me?"

"I don't think I do," remarked the official, "although there is something in your face that is familiar to me."

"Ah, Mr. Sheriff, I thought you'd know me. I worked for you all day at the late election, and got you one thousand votes, and I come for that place."

"Well, I am sorry to say that I have already promised all the places at my disposal."

"Oh, give me a place; I don't care what it is."

"Oh, bye the bye" said the sheriff, with a malicious grin in his eye, "there is a place, but it is not worth much, and I don't think you'd take it."

"Ah, Mr. Sheriff, I'll take anything, I don't care what kind of a place it is. Tell me what kind of a place it is, and I'll jump at it with my coat off."

"All right," said the sheriff; "there is a Chinaman going to be hanged at the jail next month, and he wants somebody to take his place. I think it will suit you."

The man with the red nose ceased to smile, and asking the sheriff for a quarter to pay for his lodging that night, he left the office and mingled with the throng of would be deputy sheriffs on the outside.—*San Francisco Call.*

A lady employed a young girl about fifteen years old, to assist her about her house. One day she was making a cake, and, wishing to put some kind of plums in it, she set a dish down on the table with the plums, and told the girl to stone hem. To show her how, she took up a plum and took out the stone, with the remark, "That is the way." Thinking the girl understood what she meant, she put the plum she had into her mouth, instead of into the dish, and went away. What was her surprise, a short time after, to have the girl come into the room where she was, and tell her she had eaten all she could. And when the lady went into the room where she had been at work, she found that she had put all the stones into the dish, and eaten all she could of the plums, thinking that the hard pieces—meaning the stones—would soften up when baked in the cake.

"This is too serious a matter to make light of," as the whale remarked to the man who was dipping oil out of his head.

"That's a beautiful coat you have on," said one gentleman to another; "where does the tailor live?" "On the skirts of town," was the ready response.

"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in a public company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller. "I am obliged to work for it."

"Time softens all things," except the young man who thumps with cane, and whistles in the cars. Nothing can make him softer than he is already.

"Oh! Edwin, a bee has stung me" said a beautiful girl to her lover, who met her in the garden. "No wonder," replied Edwin, "that it mistook you for a flower."

"I understand," said a deacon to a neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink easier."

"I stand upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed the shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."

Teacher—"What is the definition of flirtation?"

Intelligent young pupil—"It is attention without intention."

Wm. G. BAHNSON & CO.

Builders and Repairers of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c



WE have secured the services of competent workmen, and flatter ourselves able to please all our friends and the public generally, in the style, quality and price of our work.

Call and examine our collection of patterns to which we are constantly adding.

All first class work guaranteed.

W. G. BAHNSON & CO.,

Opposite J. W. Fries' Tanyard, SALEM, N. C.

Feb 25 1875-8

Another Candidate FOR PUBLIC FAVOR.

THE UNDERSIGNED having secured the old stand of PFOHL & STOCKTON, have filled it with a very handsome and

Entirely New Stock of General Merchandise,

CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES, SHOES AND BOOTS, DRUGS, DYE-STUFFS, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, STATIONERY, &c., &c.,

which they offer to the public

AT REDUCED PRICES.

Mr. E. A. EBERT, the managing partner, cordially invites his old customers and friends to call and give our goods an inspection.

EBERT & CO.

Salem, N. C., April 8th, 1875.-14-tf.

STRUPE'S LEATHER

JUST RECEIVED a large lot of Strupe & Son's heavy and light Upper Leather and Fine Calf Skins, which will be sold at manufacturer's prices by

R. A. WOMMACK & CO.

Salem, July 15th 1875.

WINTER BOOKS.

New and Beautiful Editions of
Taylor's King David,
Spurgeon's Types and Emblem's,
Chamber of Peace,
King's Great South.
British and American Poets,
with a complete assortment of
JUVENILE BOOKS, GAMES, PICTURE CUBES,
&c. &c. &c. &c.

NOVELS.

Bound in Cloth and Paper, consisting of the most readable publications for the liesure hour.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

RALEIGH, N. C.,

Will attend to business in the State and Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of the State.

SAY!!

Is Your Life Insured?

IF not, have it done at once, but first come to the undersigned and examine statements showing the standing of *all* the different Companies, and then select the strongest and safest. The *best* is always good enough, and in Life Insurance it will cost *less* than an inferior article.

THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL

is the second largest Life Company in the world, and will insure your life on the most reasonable terms.

Its expenses are *less* than any other Company, therefore its dividends *can* be and *are* greater, reducing the premiums to the actual cost of insurance, for there are no Stockholders to take the largest share of the profits.

Do not take my word for it, but come and examine the figures for yourselves.

J. A. LINEBACK, *Agent.*

Salem, N. C. March 5, 1874.-10

NEW BOOKS!

"A QUESTION OF HONOR,"

BY CHRISTIAN REID, (Miss Fisher).

Best novel of the season.

Third supply almost exhausted.

"SIGNA" by Ouida.

HOOSIER MOSAICS.

NEW PAPETRIES.—
Bismark Note,
Oxford Note,
Auroria Note,
Arcade Note,
Royal Victoria Note
put up in neat boxes. See first class papers at BOOK STORE.

ADVERTISING: Cheap: Good: *Systematic.* All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of advertisements, should send **25 cents** to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, New York, for their PAMPHLET-BOOK (*ninety-seventh edition*), containing lists of over 2,000 newspapers and estimates, showing the cost. Advertisements taken for leading papers in many States at a tremendous reduction from publisher's rates. GET THE BOOK. No. 11. 1y

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

"THE LEADING AMERICAN NEWSPAPER,"

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" Salisbury,	8.20 "
" Greensboro,	10.58 "
" Danville,	1.34 P. M.
" Dundee,	1.49 "
" Burkville,	6.51 "
Arrive Richmond,	9.35 P.M.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.
Leave Richmond,	1.38 A. M.
" Burkville,	9.00 "
" Dundee,	1.39 P. M.
" Danville,	1.43 "
" Greensboro,	4.28 "
" Salisbury,	6.54 "
" Air-line Junction,	8.52 "
Arrive Charlotte,	9.15 "

STATIONS.	GOING EAST. MAIL.	GOING WEST MAIL.
Leave Greensboro,	11.00 A. M.	Arrive 4.10P. M.
" Comp'y Shops,	"	"
Arrive Raleigh,	3.49 P. M.	" 11.05 "
" Goldsboro,	6.40 P. M.	Leave 8.20 P.M

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Of course this likeness caused us no end of trouble. Many and many a time have I had to answer for Jim's faults. If he robbed the orchard, I was sure to be beaten for it, although I detested unripe fruit, and therefore could not share in the plunder for which I had to pay the penalty.

For all that, we were the best of friends, and always ready to assist each other in any way we could, and, in spite of all the annoyances, never quarreled.

At the age of fourteen Jim and I were apprenticed to a butterman, who resided in Acton. Of course I was the master's favorite, for I stuck well to business, while Jim spent all his leisure time with the men from the training stables, and took more interest in making up a betting-book than in serving the customers. When we had served our time I determined to start in business, and asked my brother to join me, but he would not listen to my proposal.

"No, no, Dick," he said, "I've done with butter and bacon forever--that is, except for breakfast or tea. I intend going in for horse-racing. I have already put a few pounds on the Derby, and I am busy making up a book for Ascot."

In vain I tried to persuade him to give up the idea; he was determined, and when Jim had made up his mind nothing could make him alter it. I was very sorry, for I looked upon Jim as entirely lost; for, in my opinion, betting meant bankruptcy, both in cash and honor. However, I trusted that Jim would soon see the folly of his ways, and would be glad to join me in my shop. I pictured to myself the happiness I should feel when that moment arrived (for that my shop would fail never entered my thoughts more than it did that Jim would ever make a fortune by betting, as he has since done,) and became almost anxious for the news that my brother had lost his money.

It was a proud day for me when I first opened my shop in High Street, Whitechapel; my bosomed heaved with delight at the sight of my first customer, who, by the way, only bought an ounce of butter; but it was but the commencement of the gigantic trade I intended to do; and therefore I was happy. As the day advanced my trade increased, and at night, when I counted the contents of my till, I found that I had every reason to congratulate myself, and therefore, in a luckless hour, determined to smoke a pipe and have a glass in the parlor of a neighboring public house. Accordingly I put on my hat and started off, and in a few minutes I was comfortably seated in the snug parlor, puffing my tobacco and quaffing my ale.

The company was neither numerous nor select, being mostly composed of butchers, a set of men of whom I have rather a horror, I don't know why. They are highly useful, and, I have no doubt, honest men; but all people have their anthipathies, and butchers are one of mine. However, I disguised my feelings, and joined in the conversation, hoping thereby to make myself agreeable to the company, among whom were many of my neighbors.

How I did it I cannot tell, but by some means I managed to offend a big, hulking fellow, whom I recognized as the owner of a butcher's shop exactly facing my establishment. I tried all I could to soothe the monster, but he glared at me like an ogre, and made such very strong remarks that I thought it better to keep silent, hoping thereby to let the storm blow over. Vain hope! the butcher being unable to speak to me, in consequence of my silence, vent his malice by speaking AT me. He complained about tradesmen opening new shops in opposition to the old ones; declared that he had been made quite sick by some bad butter that he had seen that day; and hoped, that when the inspector of weights and measures visited the neighborhood, that he would look after some shopkeepers in particular, for he, Mr. Grote, had watched one fellow tampering with his weights and scales all day.

I knew he meant me, for I certainly had amused myself in the intervals of serving my customers by polishing up my scales and weights, and as I saw by their looks that the company knew that the wretch intended me, I had no help for it but to reply.

"Sir!" said I, in the most conciliatory manner possible, "I am exceedingly sorry that I should have unwittingly offended you, as it appears I have done; but I cannot fail to see that your observations are evidently intended for me."

"If the cap fits, you may wear it," grinned the brute. "I shan't mention names, to give any one the opportunity of getting the law of me; I ain't so green."

"The cap does not fit," I replied, "for I beg to say that my butter is excellent, my scales just, and that all your accusations are entirely false."

With a howl of rage, the brute sprang from his seat and dashed his pipe in my face. Luckily two of his companions seized him, so that I was able to make my escape from the room; but as I fled I could hear him vociferating, "Come on, you coward—let me go—yah! you cur!" and so on, until I had left the house.

From that moment my life was one of misery. That horrid wretch Grote would not let me alone; he teased me morning, noon and night, until I became the laughing-stock of the neighborhood, and, consequently, my trade fell of until ruin seemed to stare me in the face. My neighbors avoided me as if I had the plague, and some went so far as to join the butcher in annoying me, so that at last I became frightened to go out, and passed my evenings in the little parlor behind my shop, making up my books.

One night, while I was so engaged, a ring came at the bell. I opened the door, and a man, clad in a long cloak, the collar of which was turned up so as to conceal his face, rushed into the passage, a proceeding I no sooner remarked than I immediately prepared to rush into the street, for I cannot bear burglars; but before I could execute my purpose the fellow caught me by the shoulder, and in tones that froze my very blood, whispered in my ear:

"Don't be a fool, Dick; come in and shut the door, or I shall be seized."

"J-i-m!" I stammered. "What is the matter?"

"Shut the door, and come into the parlor; then I will tell you."

I did as he commanded, and then I waited impatiently for the explanation of this sudden and mysterious visit.

"Phew!" said Jim, as he threw off his cloak, "I've had a narrow escape."

"But how have you had an escape? and from what have you escaped?"

"Dick, I am ruined," cried my brother, throwing himself into a chair. "I backed the wrong horse for the St. Leger, and have lost all my money."

"I knew you would, Jim," I said; "I knew you would. But it's no use crying over spilt milk, as the proverb says; you must come and share with me, though Heaven knows that I have not much to offer you, for the horrid butcher has nearly ruined me."

"You're a good fellow, Dick; but I have worse news still. You must know that I had a thousand pounds placed in my hands to buy horses for a gentleman. So convinced was I Vanderdecken would win this race, that I not only put *my* money on him, but also that which I had in trust. I have lost all, and have to fly to avoid the police."

The frightful news so overcame me that I could only wring my hands, and exclaim:

"O, what is to be done? what is to be done?"

"This is what must be done," said Jim, in a hurried whisper; "you must take my clothes and my name, and I will take yours in exchange; you must go down to Acton to my rooms, and I carry on your business here. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see; but the police may arrest me by mistake."

"Of course they will; that's the beauty of the thing. I expect to make a hatful of money over the next race, and when I have done that I shall show up, declare that the whole affair has been a mistake; either pay the thousand pounds or buy the horses; you will be released, and can bring an action for false imprisonment."

"Yes, that's all very well, Jim; but suppose you should not win all this money?"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; I *must* win it. It's as safe as the bank."

"Yes, but so was Vanderdecken."

"O, bother Vanderdecken! I tell you I must win; beside, should I fail, I bolt over to France; then you prove your identity, they must release you and *there* you are."

"Yes; but in the meantime I shall be in prison."

"Not necessarily; you must keep close, and then, perhaps, they may not find you. I will give you a letter to my friend, Bob Kirby—you are sure to find him at the 'Bit and Bridle'—and he will tell you what to do. You must not write to me here. Bob will do all the writing, and let you know how things are going. Now, come and let us change clothes; there is not a moment to lose, or you will be too late for the train."

"But, my business?" I gasped, for I did not like the job at all.

"O! I can take care of that; you know I understand the trade."

"But the butcher?"

"I must put up with him, I suppose," said Jim, looking rather blue. "Of course it is not pleasant; but nothing is in this world, and, as you have stood his insults for so long a time, I suppose I shall be able to bear it for a little while. There is the letter; now off with your clothes and put on mine."

How Jim did it I can't say, but in less than a quarter of an hour I was dressed in his clothes, and turned out of my own house.

I crept along the road trembling at the sight of a policeman, and wondering at the little notice they took of me. I reached the train in safety, and arrived in Acton without being arrested.

I found the "Bit and Bridle" and Bob Kirby, to whom I delivered the letter. He read it, and at once took me to Jim's rooms, advising me not to move therefrom if I valued my liberty. Need I say that I felt very uncomfortable, and obeyed his orders to the letter?

On the second night after my arrival in Acton, Mr. Kirby came to my rooms and told me I must prepare to start for London at once.

"You must take care you are not seen," he continued; "for if you were caught now things would be very awkward. Tell Jim he must come down here at once; he had better walk down, for the trains may be watched. If he can get down without being seen, all will be well; but if not, I fear they will try and make it a case of conspiracy."

O, how bitterly I repented having consented to leave my butter-shop! for, all things considered, the police were worse than the butcher. By keeping myself a strict prisoner in my own house, I could avoid the butcher; but there was no safety from the police.

With a beating heart I crept up to my own shop, and knocked gently at the door, which was opened directly by Jim, to whom I delivered my dreadful message.

"I must be off at once, Dick," he said; "we must change clothes directly. You will be all right, for I have made every one believe I was you. I made a capital tradesman, after all. I've sent your business up wonderfully."

"I am very glad to hear it Jim; I'm sure it needed it. But how about the butcher?"

"O, he has been a great nuisance, certainly; but look here, Dick, don't you be half so easy with him. I don't believe he has half the pluck he pretended to have.

"I do—I *know* it!" was my rueful answer; "but if the business is improving, I shall try to put up with the annoyance."

"That's right Dick. And now good-by. I'm much obliged to you for what you have done. If any of the girls say you made love to them, you will know that I am the culprit; only don't you say so, but keep the fun up. It's no disagreeable work, I can assure you. Ha! ha! ha! nobody would believe you if you were to swear it was me. So good-by, and take care of yourself."

With a hearty laugh Jim went on his road, and I, with a sad heart, sought my bed.

I arose very early the next morning and took down the shutters, so as to avoid meeting that horrid butcher. A few minutes afterward a very pretty girl came fluttering into the shop, and, with many a pretty smile and simper, purchased half a pound of best fresh butter.

"Why, how dull you are this morning, Mr. Perkins!" she exclaimed with a pretty, sly glance.

"Dull?" I replied in a dreamy manner.

"O, nonsense!" she cried, "it is no good putting on that modest air, after the way you behaved yesterday. Do you know, when you first came here, we all thought you such a sneak—at least, most of us did; but I always said that you were not so demure as you wished to make out—and the way you snatched that kiss from me proves it."

"So," thought I, "that is the way Master Jim has been improving my business, is it?"

I looked at the rosy mouth, and could not blame him—nay, I ventured to follow his example, and did so with the greatest success.

"Do you know," said the young lady putting her arms on the counter—"do you know I have liked you ever since you thrashed that big bully, Grote, the butcher?"

"What!" I exclaimed, in amazement, "thrashed Grote?"

"Of course you did, when he came over here swearing he would pull your nose! O, I did like the cool way in which you went to meet him and knocked him down. It was really SPLENDID."

Could it be possible? Had my twin brother thrashed the butcher, and left me to reap the glory? As if to confirm my suspicions, at that very instant Grote appeared in his shop—and, O, his face! It was one mass of bruises! I stepped out on the pavement to have a look at him closer. On seeing me he bowed politely, but I merely shook my fist at him, and he retreated, rapidly.

I cannot describe how my business increased from that day, and all through Jim's boldness and light-heartedness. During the day I received a letter from my dear brother, in which he informed me that he had not lost his money; but having heard of my misery, he invented this little plot to save me.

I have now several large shops. Jim has never joined me, he having retired from the turf and become a gentleman farmer. I am married, and have a large family. My eldest boy is about to marry Miss Grote, Grote having become very good friends with me, and what is better, *very rich*. But, good friends as we are, I have never thought it worth my while to inform him of his slight mistake.

Hanged by an Angry Mob.

The End of Three Murderers in West Virginia—A Terrible Midnight Scene.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Jan. 26.

There have been many exciting occurrences in the Kanawha Valley, but nothing has taken place in this region one-half so startling as the work of death done this morning at one o'clock by an organized mob of 1,000 men, acting under orders of Judge Lynch. Five men were in the county jail yesterday, all held to answer for murder. Two were the Belcher brothers, who wantonly killed a young man on Campbell's creek last fall. By the various arts known to the legal fraternity, their trial has been put off from time to time, and it seemed at last that justice never would be done in their case. Two other murderers were John Dawson and Rufus Estep, each 21 years old, who, on Christmas night, cut to pieces, almost in sight of his home, Thomas Lee, a coal miner, and an honest, industrious and law-abiding citizen. They not only hacked the poor man to pieces with their knives, but threw him over the bridge into the stream, and following the body as it was borne away by the current, stabbed it again and again whenever they could get within reach of it. The murderers were taken on the next day and placed in jail.

A CRY FOR VENGEANCE.

Among the miners the excitement was intense, and on the last day of the year a crowd of three or four hundred men, who had taken an oath not to touch a drop of liquor until justice should be meted out to the assassins, came quietly down from the salt works and mines, marched to the jail, and demanded that Estep and Dawson should be delivered to them for punishment. Several influential citizens tried to stay the mob, but in vain; and it was only the vigilance and promptitude of the sheriff and his deputies that saved the lives of the wretched murderers at that time. They were smuggled out of the jail, and taken in a skiff twelve miles down the Kanawha river, and the next day they were lodged for safe keeping in the Parkersburg jail, one hundred and fifty miles away. The county and circuit courts being then in session, they were brought back under guard of twenty armed men. Yesterday an application was made for a change of venue, the prisoners' able counsel holding that their clients could not get a fair and impartial trial because of the excitement, irritation, public opinion and public prejudices now existing. Judge Smith would not render a decision, but adjourned the case until this morning.

PREPARING FOR THE WORK.

The court-room had been packed all day. Hundreds of Lee's excited friends were in town determined that his murderers should be made to answer for their crime.

No insult was offered to the prisoners, and no disrespect was shown to the court; but it was plain that the people were only waiting for one more excuse to take the law into their own hands; and this was offered by the action of the court.

But while the tempest of wrath was gathering, there came tidings of another murder in the county. Tom Hines, formerly a tailor in Cincinnati, had been too intimate with the wife of Bill Dooley, a colored shoemaker, and had made up his mind to put Dooley out of the way. So yesterday he cut the shoemaker's throat. He was taken and lodged in jail. The negroes, who up to this time had taken no part in the movements of the mob, were now aroused. Hundreds came into the town and cried for vengeance. All they needed was a leader, and a leader they soon found. At eight o'clock last night the streets were crowded with excited men, black and white, and a little later a steamboat came down the river, bringing more than a hundred men from up the country.

THE HANGING.

By midnight there seemed to be an organized plan. At the word, a rush was made for the jail. The warden was easily overpowered, and Estep and Dawson were taken out. The negroes then broke in and brought Hines out with yells of maledtction. The two crowds were now united, and in good order and with but little noise they marched to the bridge over Campbell's Creek, where the murder of Lee had taken place. The doomed men were given time to pray. Estep and Hines wept and begged for life; but Dawson cursed his captors, dared them to hang him, and when he was about to be turned off, he expressed the hope that he would meet them all in hell. He died uttering the most awful blasphemy. Estep was then drawn up by the hands of a dozen strong men, and was choked to death after several minutes of horrible torture. The negroes took Hines to a tree about a hundred yards from the bridge, and in a few minutes he was swinging in the air. A guard was left to see that the bodies of the three murderers were not cut down till dawn, and the mob quietly dispersed.

How Indians Cure Meat and Dress Skins.

When her lord has killed a buffalo the woman's work begins. She has to skin it, the meat to secure, and all to pack upon ponies or mules, and carry to camp, where the meat must be cured. This is done by cutting it into thin sheets and hanging it over poles in the hot sunshine, where it is soon dried thoroughly; then it is packed fresh in packages of about one hundred pounds each, and inclosed in a nice folding sack of thick buffalo skin, prepared especially for the purpose. This is not dressed down thin after being fleshed, but well tanned, and of the full thickness of the skin; the hair side nicely ornamented with paint, for the outside of sack. This is cut out like a huge envelope, so that the ends and sides will fold over whatever is put in them, and secured by strong buckskin strings. By being thick it retains its form, and is very useful for carrying other things besides meat and tallow. After the meat is taken care of the skin must be looked after. Those taken at this season of the year are mostly dressed for lodges. They are first staked on a smooth spot of ground, and water put upon them, when they are ready for fleshing. This consists in removing the flesh with an instrument made of a straight bar of iron about a foot in length, flattened at one end and filed to an edge. This being grasped in the hand and a succession of quick blows given, the work slowly proceeds. The skin is then dried, after which the hair is removed in a dry state, and the skin reduced to the proper thickness by dressing down the hair side. This is done with an instrument made by firmly tying a flat piece of steel, filed to a beveled edge at one end, and with the corners rounded, to a large prong of a deer's horn. This is so trimmed, in connection with the body of the horn, as to form an elbow, and is used a little as a carpenter uses his adze. This work is usually done in the cool of the morning. The brains of the animal, having been properly taken care of for the purpose, are now soaked and squedzed by the hand until reduced to a paste, and applied to both sides of the skin, which is afterwards worked and rubbed until flexible. The preparation of robes is from winter skins, and differs from the foregoing only in being dressed down on the flesh side, so as to leave the wool and hair upon the robe, and is more thoroughly worked and scoured by means of a sharp-gritted stone.—*Batley*.

[Correspondence of the Goldsboro Messenger.]

A Woman a North Carolina Soldier.

WILLOW GREENE, GREENE Co., N. C.
January 25th, 1876.

DEAR BONITZ:—A few days since I was looking over the New York *World*, found, and read a Surgeon's Story, the subject of which was a remarkable heroine who figured conspicously in the late war, and was connected with the Sixth New York Regiment, and who afterwards proved to be the wife of the Colonel of that Regiment.

Now as to the authenticity of the surgeon's story I am unable to vouch, yet it called to my mind a true romance which happened in the Confederate army, and can be vouched for by many good and brave men now living in the State of North Carolina. The romance was as follows:

The 26th Regiment N. C. Troops had for its Colonel a man of great capacity, and that quality of mind which enables men to encounter danger and difficulties with firmness, and without fear. The Colonel was known by the popular name of Zeb. B Vance. During the Spring of 1862, the 26th Regiment lay for a while four miles below Kinston, N. C. Col. Zeb. had previously received a commission from the Confederate Government to raise a Legion to be known as Vance's Legion. In the 26th Reg't and in Co. A. was a private by the name of Blacock (I think, tho' not sure as to name) who received a furlough for thirty days, upon condition that he bring back with him a new recruit for the Legion. At the expiration of the 30 days, private of Co. A returned to camp with a recruit, according to stipulation, who was immediately mustered into service consistent with the army regulation. I had previous to this time received an appointment from Col. Vance to drill recruits, consequently this new soldier was placed in my squad for military instruction. The recruit had the appearance of a boy about 18 years of age. His voice was soft and effeminate, and though it did not seem to be that of a man, we could not doubt that it was a boy. I drilled the new soldier in squad with many others for about six weeks, and during the time I would frequently march the squad down to the creek, and all that wished would go in bathing. The young recruit never participated in the sports confined to the water, but no one thought anything about it as some of the mountaineers had a very great horror of the poisoned waters of eastern North Carolina, and the recruit was from Ashe or Wilkes county. Soon after the return of private of Co. A., with his recruit he was taken down with a very troublesome affection known to Surgeons as *Arthritis* or White Swelling, and after suffering the most tormenting and severe pain for more than a month, he was honorably discharged from military service by Dr. Boykin, who was surgeon of the 26th Regiment at the time. The same day and but a few hours after private Blacock had received his papers from the Doctor, the recruit walked into Col. Vance's tent and said:—

"Col. Vance, my husband has been discharged from military service on account of disability, and is going home, now I want you to discharge me also."

Col Vance said:—"Your husband, the h—l, you must be crazy, boy; you are in for the war, my young man, I can't let you off."

Recruit continued to say that though a soldier she was a female in disguise and the wife of Blalock. Col. Vance sent for Dr. Boykin to come, and take the case in hand as it had proved too much for him. Dr. Boykin being a very able and learned surgeon soon returned, and reported that the recruit was a woman sure enough and the wife of the man who brought her to camp.

E. H. H.

The Danger of Hurried Funerals.

In a populous city of Northern Italy, the wife of a distinguished jurist was seized with epileptic spasms, which to all appearance ended in death. The physicians recognized all the evidences of dissolution: her features were distorted, cheeks and eyes sunken, the lips blue and bloodless, skin cold and flabby—a phenomenon which from hour to hour, became more pronounced. Finally, even the spots that usually precede decomposition were observed, and, as the weather was very warm, it was thought advisable not to delay the burial. The woman was laid in a wooden coffin and deposited in the family vault. Those who are acquainted with the arrangement of the Italian cemeteries know that the individual coffins are placed in niches, one above another, somewhat as the folios are arranged on the shelves of a library. The niches are lined with marble slabs, but left entirely open. The vault itself, on the contrary, is securely closed by heavy wooden doors. In such a niche the coffin in question was placed. A year later, another member of the jurist's family died. The following day he went himself to the cemetery to see which niche the new coffin should be placed in. When he opened the doors the skeleton of his wife, enveloped in what remained of her shroud, fell into his arms. A careful examination revealed the following facts: The woman had burst off the coffin lid, and then gone to the door and made an effort to force it open also, but in vain. The double door would, of course, tend to deaden her cries, and then the guardian of the cemetery lived on the opposite side of the inclosure. She must have lost consciousness during her efforts to force the doors, for she had fallen against them, and her habiliments had caught on one of their iron fastenings, and in this position she had finally died. There was, however, abundant evidence, everywhere, in the vault, of her having been conscious for a considerable length of time.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.—It is understood that the home of Washington at Mount Vernon is to be put in thorough repair before the arrival of visitors to the centennial, after plans drawn by Mr. Van Campen Taylor, the architect, of New York. Mr. Taylor visited the homestead recently, and is now engaged in drawing plans of the entire building, so that in case of its destruction by fire, it may be rebuilt exactly as it now stands. Along the entire east side of the house runs a high piazza facing the river. The length of this is ninety-four feet, and the width fourteen. The balustrade above the piazza is somewhat rotted, and requires to be rebuilt, and the same kind of wood will be employed in the reconstructions as was originally used. At the south end of the house, and opening from Washington's library, there is a portico about ten by sixteen feet in size. This was erected about the year 1790, when Washington added two wings to the original house of Lawrence Washington. This, too, is to be rebuilt, and the necessary repairs will be made early in the coming spring. On the piazza stands the pillar and the bell with which Washington used to summon his horse, which was kept saddled and bridled in readiness for his call.

Stephen W. Dorsey, born in Vermont and brought up at Oberlin, is living rapidly for such steady antecedents. He will not be thirty-four years old until the 28th of February, but has been a railroad President for six years and a United States Senator for two years, has four years longer to represent Arkansas, and has failed for nearly $200,000.

A Michigan Giant.

The Simple Story of the Simple Hearted Strong Man.

From the Ypsilanti (Mich.) Sentinel.

Charley Freeman, along back in the '30s, appeared for the first time among a gang of laborers on the Flat Rock and Gibraltar Canal, and he moved among ordinary men like a sort of Anak. He looked eight feet high, at least, and three feet across the shoulders. His arms sprang from his chest as large as any middle-sized man's body, and tapered down to a hand three inches thick, and when doubled into a fist, as big and hard as a railsplitter's maul. He gave out his age as seventeen, and he was growing. He hired for the wages and work of an ordinary hand, but when he seized a shovel, it went through the clay like a breaking up plow, and the handle soon came off if the blade held. An ordinary axe was but a feather in his hand. It sank to the eye in the wood, and the helve splintered. He dealt out strength by the wholesale, and he could not weigh out his force in the measure of ordinary men. When he stood among a gang of laborers the contrast made them look like children. The strolling Indians would stare in amazement a few moments, and then with a "ugh!" get out of sight of him as fast as their dignity would let them. He was put to do the work of three pairs of oxen. That was, removing the trees, cut in ten or twelve foot lengths, out of the way of the diggers, not hitched to them like oxen to snake them away, but with his right hand under the end, raising it from the ground, then balancing it across his left forearm, he shot the saw logs for to one side with all the ease that a skillful workman plies his split cord wood. And thus day after day the giant moved until the canal was built.

He appeared again on the boats that plied along the Huron river, Michigan. He was engine and tackle to handle heavy freights. What others could not shove or roll, he could pick up and carry or toss. When the heavily freighted boat struck on the ripples he just stepped out of the stern and boosted her over. Nobody would have felt surprised if he had taken the whole boat and cargo right under his arm as a woman carries a dough-tray, and marched across by land, when they came to long bends in the river. Nobody ever said that he did this, because they never wanted to exaggerate his feats any more than we do now. But navigation did not pay, and that stopped, too. Some of the "fancy" heard of the uncelebrated giant, and took the notion that there was money in him. He was as simple as a child. Anyone could lead him. It never got through his skull that he was remarkable. The sharpers meant to keep him so and speculate on his prodigious power. They coaxed him off eastward. At Buffalo they sent him into a dock saloon with a sixteen hundred pound anchor under his left arm, just as a chopper carries his axe, to pawn it for drinks, and the keeper was glad to treat him for carrying it out again. Thus he and his friends travelled on his muscle to the sea coast and across to England. They intended to get a soft thing on some English champion. They had too much of a good thing. A friendly sparring, as an experiment, with a professional boxer showed that a match with any living pugilist was impossible. The giant's face could not be effectively reached. Blows on the body might as well have been planted on a sand-bag. When his unskilled hand came down it came with the force of a pile-driver, and no matter what it met the obstacle went to the earth. By the ruse of representing him as large and strong but green, they made a match of science and skill against power, with a noted pugilist. The parties came on the ground, but at first sight of him his opponent turned away, saying: "I come to fight with a large man, not with a mountain." Seconds, referees, and all declared the match fairly "off." Finding nothing could be made out of him, his sharp attendants deserted him. From Michigan to Liverpool the route had been one of continued dissipation, and he contracted the seeds of disease. Deserted in a strange land, he was uncared for; an object of awe and curiosity, useless to anybody else and helpless to care for himself, he soon died of consumption and was buried in a pauper's grave. Thus perished perhaps the most magnificent specimen of physical manhood that the United States ever produced. He never learned a letter; he never felt a refining influence; he never had a real friend.

The Fiend of Bremerhaven.

[Correspondence of the Providence Joural.]

In the autumn of 1868 I went up from Southern Europe to spend a few months in the gay capital of Saxony. Those of our nationality in Dresden are very clannish, live in the same part of the town, give parties and dinners, and Germans as at home, and mix little with foreigners, so that once one commences to move round in the circle, one soon meets all who compose it. Among the many whom I met at the American Club, at parties, dinners, and at his own house, was an American gentleman known to us as William Thomas. He was a large, stout man, weighing possibly two hundred and fifty pounds. He wore a heavy, red beard and moustache, and always appeared in public with heavy gold spectacle. He was a quiet sort of a person, never taking the lead in anything, but still always interesting himself in everything that was going on, and a good member of society generally. He lived at the time with his wife, a charming, little, black-eyed woman, and his family, in a handsome suit of rooms, on the corner just above the club; and used frequently to entertain in a quiet sort of way those whom he counted among his most intimate friends. Among them, I am happy to say, I was numbered, and often found myself through his hospitable door. He lived, he said, in North Carolina, and at the breaking out of the rebellion found himself obliged to go into the Southern army. He was in a North Carolina regiment during the summer campaign of 1862, and at the battle of Malvern Hill, was wounded in the arm. It was in the night, as he sat with some comrades about their camp-fire, thas a shell exploded in their midst, killing nearly all, and wounding him, as I have said. He was sent to the rear, and was finally discharged as unfit for active service. He went then to Wilmington, bought all the cotton he could, ran the blockade successfully, took his cargo to Liverpool, and sold it an enormous profit. Then he immediately invested his money in United States bonds, which were then at their lowest figure in the English market. Afterwards they trebled on his hands, and between the cotton and the bonds he made from $150,000 to $200,000. He married afterwards a Southern lady, who had been educated in Europe, and by her had several children. He had not the appearance of one who had followed the sea, and I should be surprised if it should be proved he had never commanded a vessel. A sailor as a rule, never gets rid of the effect of the salt air in his ways and habits and appearance, and I never was able to discover that Thomas was in any manner different from the rest of us. Thomas was the last person among us in Dresden whom one would select as a man capable of doing such a deed as he certainly did at Bremerhaven. He was a jolly good fellow, as the world would say; yet quiet, and, in fact, rather lazy. That he was not insane when he designed the plot for blowing up the vessel I cannot believe. It is so entirely different from what the man was from his character as his friends knew it, that I am unwilling to believe that he was wholly accountable for what he did. He was in his family an extremely affectionate man, and his wife and children were as tenderly cared for as wife and children could be. It used to be remarked among us that Thomas was unusually devoted to his wife, and not a whim of hers was allowed to go unsatisfied.

"Take Care of the Pence."

If you were to suddenly ask any one of the tens of thousands of mechanics in this country, who have been receiving high wages for constant work during the last dozen years, why it was that he has nothing saved now? he would ten to one, answer you that the expenses of his family, or, if he be unmarried, the cost of living, has eaten up all his earnings, and so prevented him saving anything. And in every single case—it is not too harsh to say—this would be a falsehood. Not a wicked, premeditated lie, told with intent to deceive, but an untruth to hide an extravagance the man is secretly ashamed of. And the party on whom you press this question will, if he be an honest man, acknowledge that he has not only lived extravagantly, but he will admit that his foolish expenditures have been foolishly lavished on himself, and for things which have done him no good, if they have not done him a permanent injury. He has probably contracted and confirmed a craving appetite for intoxicating liquors. He has pampered a relish for gaming. Or he has rendered costly cigars a necessity to his enjoyment by habituating himself to that senseless luxury. And so during the year of high wages and continual enployment he has gone on wasting daily sums which, if he had saved—and then forced these savings to work for him, drawing interest while he slept—would have made him comfortably independent now; and would have also brought him to his time of life free from many of the habits which it has cost him much money to create, and indescribable annoyance now, because he lacks the money to gratify them. Take a mechanic, for instance, who expends on an average twenty cents a day for liquor, and as much for other useless luxuries. Then calculate what these outlays aggregate since 1861, and you are brought face to face with the result. The man has expended fer trifles and actual injuries to himself, one hundred and forty-six dollars each year for fourteen years, or two thousand and forty-four dollars in all.

Here, then, we see at a glance what any frugal and sensible man might have done during the period of "flush times" since 1861. And even this does not represent the full benefits to him. The habits of business, of economy, of steadiness, and of sobriety, together with the methodical life he must have learned to live, would place such a man in a position with his employers to have commanded constantly increasing wages, and the certainty of work as long as his employer had need for any one in his business. For it is not to be denied that just such men as these habits of frugality and saving develop, are always in demand, and are never willingly parted with. Employers find their own highest interest in retaining such men, and every employer in the land looks out for his own interest first. So that the man who takes care of his hard earned pennies makes the earning of other sums easier, and makes himself of far more consequence to everybody, than the spendthrift who squanders his wages in beershops until he is penniless and worthless; and is at last dismissed for utter worthlessness and then kicked out of the dram shop because he is penniless. Believe us when we say this picture is not overdrawn. There is nothing in it which may not be proved any day. Take a slate and pencil and you can easily prove the money feature of this article. Use your eyes and you can see proofs of the rest of it, wherever you may chance to look. And we very firmly believe that the antagonism existing, or presumed to exist, between Capital and Labor, would be so effectually solved if workmen would but exercise some discretion and control of themselves, in the manner we have here indicated, that the incendiary harangues delivered by the Xingo Parks, Bradlaughs, John Sineye (and other humbugs and bloodsuckers who live off of working men as their "champions" while carefully avoiding all honest work themselves) would pass for just what they are—offensive wind--and these demagogues would be forced to live by honest work, or starve. This matter of the inculcated antagonism of interests which are so interwoven that one cannot be healthy while the other suffers, is one we think, which grows more out of the working man being untrue to himself, than from his employers tyranny. At least the idea we have endeavored to advance in this article offers an untried solution of the trouble. And we therefore sincerely commend it to the attention of those to whom it is addressed.—*Ex.*

A Strange Story.

A prominent colored man, who died on Tuesday and was buried yesterday, just before his death told a most horrible story of a murder committed by himself about three years ago.

He called loudly for the "blood to be caught in the pan," and solemnly averred that he would "never do so again." Then, in a clear and connected manner, he stated that about three years ago a white man, whom he knew to have a large sum of money, drank at his bar, and got shaved by him. He cut the customer's throat with the razor, concealed his body, and at night, assisted by his brothers, (names and number purposely omitted by us,) he sunk the remains in the canal with a heavy weight attached, appropriating the stranger's money.

He continued that the canal was subsequently dragged by the authorities, which we remember to have been done, but the body having been covered by the mud, was not discovered. His last cries were prayers that the horrid scene of the murder should be hidden from his eyes, and he died praying forgiveness for the crime he committed.

Strange as this story may sound, we believe every word of it to be true, and hope the police will endeavor to bring out all the facts in the case. A representative of the *News* last night went through the slums and perlieus of Jefferson street, and the mysterious murder was on every tongue. The fact that publicity of the circumstances would "scandalize" the rest of the family seemed to be the most prominent arguments in favor of secrecy.—*Lynchburg News.*

The Dance.

Dancing itself is a harmless and healthful amusement when not carried to excess; but the seeds of death are too often sown in the ball-room, not from dancing, but from the circumstances under which it is carried on. For instance, what can be more likely to produce apoplexy or some serious illness, than the practice of eating ices when thoroughly heated by violent exercise.

Again, the atmosphere of many a ball-room, crammed, as it often is, with three times as many people as it can comfortably contain, is enough of itself to poison any one not acclimated to suffocation by previous training.

Then there are sudden changes of temperature to which young ladies, insufficiently clad, are exposed on leaving the heated rooms as they return home, overtired and in precisely the same condition under which such changes of temperature are likely to affect them if they have any tendency to lung disease. The late hours, also, which are necessarily kept in the season, cannot be otherwise than prejudicial to the health of both old and young, and probably cause many illnesses that are unjustly credited to other sources.

Thus pointedly does the Washington *Capital* express the truth. Commenting on Blaine's course in the amnesty debate, it says: "It has taken twice as long to pardon as it did to defeat the people of the South, and they who refuse to forgive them now refused to fight them then; and the wounds which were made by the swords of our soldiers are being irritated by the tongues of our politicians."

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1876.

Meeting of the State Democratic-Conservative Executive Committee.

ROOMS OF THE DEM. EX. COMMITTEE,
RALEIGH, N C., January 29th, 1876.

At a meeting of the Central Executive Committee of the Democratic Conservative party this day held, it was resolved that a meeting of the State Executive Committee be called to assemble in the city of Raleigh, on Wednesday, the 15th day of March, 1876. The object of the meeting is to decide upon time and place of holding the State Convention of the Democratic-Conservative party and to consider such other matter before the Committee.

Each member of the Committee is earnestly requested to be present.

W. R. COX, CHAIRMAN.
J. J. LITCHFORD, Secretary.

A GOOD GARDEN.—Remember, the foundation of a good garden is good seeds, in the first place, and good culture afterwards.

At ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE, you will find *all fresh and reliable* SEEDS. No old stock on hand, remember that.

ORGANIZE.—A writer in the Mt. Airy *Watchman* suggests "the great importance of thorough organization in county and townships; the Executive county committee should appoint five, or more, working men, (not drones in the hive) in each township, whose duty it shall be to go to the registration books and procure the name of each registered voter, and see that every man has a copy of the proposed amendments to the constitution, and the same explained to him; and whose farther duty shall be to see that every man who is qualified shall be registered, the direliction of this duty very nearly caused the party's defeat last August. It may be somewhat early and premature to suggest these thoughts to the people, but the experience of former campaigns justifies us in urging a thorough and complete organization.'

Every county and township in the State should be thoroughly organized, as every effort will be made by our opponents to defeat the Conservative party in this State. Let us all go to work in our respective neighborhoods, and use all honorable means to insure the success of our party. Through the medium of the local press much can be accomplished, and our friends should see that their county papers are well supported and encouraged to put forth their full strength and influence. A fund should be raised to supply all who cannot conveniently pay for a paper. That method has been resorted to by our opponents, heretofore, and no doubt will be again. Let us be up and doing.

Railroad Meeting at Danbury.

From the Danbury *Reporter* we learn that a railroad meeting was held at that place on the 7th inst. After the meeting was organized the *Reporter* says:

Mr. A. H. Joyce addressed the meeting in a very forcible speech, detailing the great benefits of railroads generally. After the speaking a call was made for subscriptions, and a goodly number responded.

The people seem to be very much in favor of a railroad, and say they will subscribe more liberally after the road is located and it is understood that it will be built.

It was urged by the speaker that the friends of the road should bestir themselves, and get up all the stock they can.

It was expected that several gentlemen from both Greensboro and Mt. Airy, would have attended this meeting, but owing, we suppose, to the inclemency of the weather, none were present from those places.

Our Surry and Stokes friends certainly deserve success, for they are agitating their railroad scheme with ability and untiring energy. They seem determined, if possible, to have a railroad of some kind, to secure an outlet for the products of that fertile region of country, abounding in agricultural and mineral wealth, and we hope they may succeed in their undertaking.

Past Finding Out

The Perry county, Pa., *Democrat*, which is owned and edited by Hon. John A. Magee, ex-member of Congress, publishes a telling article in regard to the vicious practice of compromising with government defaulters. It gives a table containing the names of fourteen prominent defaulting collectors of internal revenue, with the amount due from each, the amount released through compromise and the dates of the letters written by Secretaries of the Treasury approving such compromises. The total amount owed to the government by these fourteen collectors was $1,604,075.29, of which $1,231,604.77 was released and thus lost, leaving $372,470.52 to be restored to the Treasury. There is no apparent reason why most of this stolen money should not have been recovered from the sureties. Certainly a sharp prosecution of the sureties, who were commonly responsible men, would have saved a much larger percentage than was saved by the suspicious system of compromise. In the case of Collector Joshua A. Bailey, who got away to Brazil, or some other safe South American country, with $728,871.82 of moneys collected by him unaccounted for, the Department kindly released $678,891.82 and compromised on receiving $50,000, though such men as George Opdyke, Aug. Schell and Thomas C. Durand, leading capitalists of New York, were among his sureties. Why Secretaries of the Treasury should accept such a paltry part of debts so abundantly secured is among the things that "no fellah can find out," or has succeeded yet in finding out. The present Democratic House may manage to throw light upon it. Mr. Magee complains that he introduced a resolution in the last House calling for information on this subject, but the Republican managers promptly squelched it.

Foreign.

There was rejoicing in Spain on account of a great victory gained over the Carlists. Madrid dates of Feb. 21, say: The Government have sent a circular dispatch to their representatives abroad, announcing the capture of Montejuro, and the occupation of the Carlist positions above Vera. The dispatch admits the combat was sanguinary—the Carlists fighting with great valer. Great rejoicing in Madrid, and the city was illuminated.

The Carlist lines were broken last Friday, and it is reported Don Carlos has fled to France.

DIRECTORY.—We are indebted to John H. Boner for a copy of the Congressional Directory, compiled by Ben Perley Poore.

BEECHER EXCITED.—A New York date of February 18 says: Beecher concluding before council compared himself to a central body on which were concentrated all the rays of the sun. He challenged any man on earth to say a thing to his detriment. Said he: "I hereby challenge him to say it! (Cries of Good, Good.) If there is any angel of good I challenge him to say aught against me! Aye, I go far beyond that, I challenge the truth from God himself!"

MOULTON ON BEECHER.—From dates of Feb. 21, it appears that both Bowen and Moulton have written denunciatory letters to Beecher's Advisory Council. Moulton says: "I am prepared to prove Henry Ward Beecher guilty of adultery and perjury by evidence both oral and documentary and if allowed the opportunity of producing such proof before the council, if I fail to make good this assertion then I am willing to be criminated and denounced by mankind as a wretch devoid of truth and honor and un worthy of human association."

Some of the Southern Law-Makers.

A gentleman in Iredell county, N. C., sends us the following information about two negro members of the Alabama Legislature who have heretofore been published as escaped thieves from North Carolina. The negro mentioned as "Hugh" Carson by our correspondent we presume is the fellow now in the Alabama Legislature as "Henry" Carson. The gentleman who sends us this letter is one of the best citizens of Iredell, and we are sure his statements are correct:—*Charlotte Democrat.*

RIVER HILL, Iredell Co., N. C.
February 4th, 1876.

EDITOR CHARLOTTE DEMOCRAT:—The notorious Hugh Carson, together with Alm Carson, John Cowles, and others of their comrades, are well known in portions of Iredell, Yadkin and Davie counties, where they dug under meat houses, unlocked, prized up and opened smoke houses, and stole bacon, corn, wheat, leather, tobacco, cotton, &c. Alm Carson, who assisted Hugh in stealing the bacon for which Hugh ran away, it is well known he served in the State Penitentiary the time required of him by the Superior Court of Davidson county. Hugh made his escape from Jail at Lexington just before the time of his trial and has not, to my knowledge, been heard of since that time until now as a member of the Alabama Legislature. The bacon was stolen from Mr. Leo Nicholson, dec'd, son of Mr. T. A. Nicholson, late Senator from Iredell. Mr. N., with many others, can give evidence against Hugh that will send him to the Penitentiary.

Is it not a shame that two negroes, justly deserving 50 lashes each at the whipping post, are members of a Legislature.

Mr. Editor, the above are solid facts, such as the honest class of people 10 miles around here will agree to, and is not mere flossip. Those scoundrels lived within one mile of the County Line for about two years, and the citizens for miles around were completely worn out with them.

I am anxious that the people of Alabama should know something of these rascals, and, if you feel disposed, publish these facts, and transmit them to Alabama, and you will doubtless do that people a great kindness. G.

Premiums on Field Crops,

TO BE AWARDED AT THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, TO BE HELD IN FAYETTEVILLE ON THE 14TH, 15TH, 16TH AND 17TH OF NOVEMBER, 1875.

FIELD CROPS.

For the largest crop of corn produced on one acre of upland—not less than 50 bushels—premium $10.00

For the largest crop of corn produced on four acres of upland, not less than 50 bushels, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of cotton produced on one acre, not less than 2,000 lbs. in the seed, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of cotton produced on four acres, not less than 1,700 lbs. in the seed per acre, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of wheat produced on one acre, not less than 20 bushels per acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of oats produced on one acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of rye produced on one acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of field peas produced on one acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of ground peas produced on one acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of rice produced on one acre, not less than 40 bushels, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of sweet potatoes, not less than one-half acre, and not less than 400 bushels per acre, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of Irish potatoes on not less than one-fourth of an acre, and not less than 400 bushels per acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest yield of pea vine hay on one acre, premium $5.00.

For the largest yield of native grass hay on one acre, not less than 4,000 lbs. per acre, on land prepared for hay—quality to be taken into consideration—premium $10.00.

For the largest yield of red clover per acre, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of tobacco on one acre, premium $10.00.

For the largest crop of turnips on not less than half acre, and not less than 400 bushels per acre, premium $5.00.

CROPS RAISED BY BOYS.

For the largest crop of cotton produced on one acre, by a boy under 18 years of age, premium $5.00.

For the largest crop of corn produced on one acre, by a boy under 13 years of age, premium $5.00.

The Committee will award no premium where the yield is not considered creditable.

The measurement of the land and quantities raised per acre must be vouched for by affidavits of two respectable witnesses.

The above premiums on field crops are offered to the counties of Cumberland, Harnett, Chatham, Moore, Montgomery, Robeson, Richmond, Bladen, Sampson and Johnson.—*Fayetteville Gazette.*

THE MOUNT AIRY WATCHMAN.—Charles C. Harryman, Esq., late of the Hillsville *News*, has revived the Mt. Airy *Watchman*. The *Watchman* makes a very creditable appearance, and no doubt will do good service in the ensuing campaign. Success.

ENCOURAGING.—We have received five letters this week, encouraging us to go on in the Conservative course we have adopted. The letters brought us fifteen new subscribers from this county and the adjoining portion of Davidson.

THE PAPER MILLS.—We are pleased to learn from the Charlotte *Democrat* that the paper mills in Lincoln and Cleaveland counties are in operation again, the Messrs. Tiddy, of Charlotte, running them for the present, as Agents.

The first article in the March number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, is a continuation of the valuable series of papers on "The Century—its Fruits and its Festival." Sketches of India," handsomely illustrated, are continued, with increasing interest. Rebecca Harding Davis contributes a striking description of our "Life-Saving Stations." "The Eutaw Flag," by Robert Wilson, is a highly interesting story of the Revolution, which takes its title from that old relic of our war for Independence."—Lady Blanche Murphy's article on "Convent Life and Work" gives the reader an inside glance at convent life, as well as other able articles, which with the usual "Monthly Gossip," and "Notices of New Books," comprise the contents of a very excellent number.

The February number of the *Southern Planter and Farmer* is received. It contains a picture and sketch of Col. Holt, President of the North Carolina Agricultural Society; and articles from Gen. Fitz Lee, Col. Dromgoole, "Civis," Judge Cox, and other representative farmers of our Southern States. Every question of vital interest to the farmer is handled with perfect candor. In fact, it contains all a farmer would like to see, and we trust our friends will avail themselves of the aid it offers them in so many ways.

Published at Richmond, Va,, at $2 a year.

Senator Bruce on the President.

For a week or more, the papers have been circulating a scene which occurred in Executive session of the Senate. Bruce (colored) declared himself opposed to Grant and the third term; he thought Grant cared very little for the South, and he would not support him, if nominated. He advised the colored people to make terms with the native residents of the South. It is said that Bruce told the President that he (Grant) cared more for his own interests than he did for the colored people, and that the President listened quietly and finally said that he should pursue his own course and be dictated to by no one, whereupon the hot African blood rushed into the colored Senator's face and he said to the President, with deepest passion:—

"Very well; you do as you please and I will do as I please," and then he hastily withdrew.

During the debate on Billings' confirmation Bruce said:—

I will fight this thing to the bitter end, and I want it clearly determined whether the colored voters of the South, of which I believe I am the highest representative in Congress, have any rights under the constitution. I intend to have this definitely settled. I am not through. I shall make a speech and appeal to the people, if Grant is to rule my constituents as he pleases without regard to the rights which are supposed to be guaranteed to all citizens of the United States.

Referring to the Pinchback case he said that the Senate had been too long inactive in making up their minds whether Pinchback was to have the seat which belonged to him and for which his people had cast their votes. He defined the inaction of the Senate as characteristic of all their dealings toward the colored people.

Let the consequences be what they may the exciting scene in the Senate executive session yesterday has been the topic of general conversation this afternoon and evening, and the attitude of the colored Senator Bruce, towards the administration, and even the Republican party, is, in some quarters, thought very serious. Mr. Bruce does not confine himself to denunciations of the President. It is said that in the course of his speech yesterday he turned on Senator Morton, who was listening intently, and, pointing his finger at him, said: "Shake not your bloody shirt at me."

Senator Spencer, of Alabama, came to Bruce to-day to mollify him, and told him that he must not let Senator Alcorn persuade him, who was a mischief maker and disorganizer and was intriguing to carry Bruce away from his true friends.

"Stay by us; we are your true friends," urged Spencer.

Bruce, who listened in some excitement, replied:—

"Governor Alcorn is a gentleman, sir. I know him. He is a gentleman. As for you, Senator Spencer, you are a carpet-bagger and a boot-licker for Grant. Go and lick your master's boots, but don't call on me to do it."

The conversation abruptly ended at this point.

Washington Items.

We are pleased to see that the House of Representatives is still at work, retrenching and reforming. In addition, there is a desire to have as early an adjournment of the present session as possible. Considerable time was occupied by the Blainites, some weeks since, in order to stir up strife and open the old war wounds, but we hope the Republicans of that stripe, not having made much capital by the operation, will keep quiet now, and let legislation go on.

WASHINGTON Feb. 18th.—Taylor, Weed, and Gamage a millionaire lawyer and ex-Treasury agent, were arrested on a warrant from New Orleans for passing fraudulent claims against the Treasury. Taylor and Weed gave bail on one hundred thousand dollars. Gamage is not arrested. The amount is over three hundred thousand dollars.

Cox has been appointed speaker *pro tem* during Kerr's absence to recruit his health.

The Secretary of War asks for an appropriation of half a million to pay troops in advance of the regular deficiency bill. All persons forwarding legal tenders or fractional currency to the Treasury must prepay it. Contract rate 12½ cents on sums under five hundred dollars; twenty-five cents per thousand on larger sums.

The Committee on Appropriations hope to reach a reduction of seven millions in the executive and legislative printing and engraving and the bureau will not resume work until the appropriation is made.

At our latest date, Feb. 21st, a bill was introduced in the House to restore to market the public lands in Alabama, Mississippi and Florida.

Bill to reorganize the Judiciary passed the House.

In the Senate many petitions were handed in for the repeal of the Bankrupt act.

DEATH OF R. F. SIMONTON.—We learn from the Charlotte *Observer*, that R. F. Simonton, Esq., of Statesville, died on Sunday morning last at the Arlington House, in Danville, Va. He was on his way to Richmond, on business.

Mr. Simonton was a highly respected gentleman, and has been for many years known in Railroad and Financial circles, and was Cashier of the Bank of Statesville at the time of his death. He had been afflicted for many years, and has been very feeble for the past two or three years.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

STATE ITEMS.

Work has been begun on the telegraph line between Salisbury and Asheville.

John Lafrantz, a French tailor, of Wilmington, has mysteriously disappeared.

It is rumored in Asheville, that Mr. A. Ray, Deputy Marshall, was shot and killed in Mitchell last week by some whisky men.

Lightning struck the barn of Mr. R. J. West, of Salisbury, on Monday morning last, and destroyed it totally, with a quantity of dry straw and fodder.

John L. Burke, convicted of highway robbery, and sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years, has just escaped from the Rutherford jail.

Ex-Judge Tourgee has been confirmed as Pension Agent at Raleigh, and will remove to that city shortly.

Governor Brogden has appointed Walter Sherwood, of Wellsboro, Pa., a commissioner of deeds for North Carolina.

Life is short, but we should do all we can to prolong it. Check a cough or cold at once and use an old reliable remedy such as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The Charlotte *Democrat* says: Mr. Henry Wise, living in Howard's Creek Township, Lincoln county, was killed almost instantly on the 2nd instant by his mules running away with his wagon. He was an old man, about 80 years. A Mr. Armstrong was also badly hurt at the same time, but will recover.

James Hicks, of Lincoln county, is dead, aged 106 years.

The *Sun* says three negro prisoners confined in Concord jail succeeded in wrenching out an iron bar, thereby effecting their escape.

The *Enquirer* says that three negroes—Jack Ross, Charley Rossin and Dave Dye—confined in the jail at Monroe, broke out on the night of the 11th inst., by filing one of the bars of iron that is placed across the window, in two, and making a rope of blankets by which they descended to the ground.

The Rutherford *Regime* says: A company supposed to have large capital have purchased the Cranbury Iron Works in Mitchell county, and are now constructing a rail road from Johnson City, Tenn., to the works. The road will soon be completed.

The Portsmouth *Enterprise* says: The fisheries on the Albemarle sound are expected from the indications to do well this season. The gillers have commenced to take shad and rock very briskly, and the chances of a good yield are very favorable.

The Raleigh *Sentinel* says: Henry Best, of Greene county, has six sons. Robert W. Best, former Secretary of State, is the eldest, and Rufus E. Best, now in the city, is the youngest. The six are 37 feet 6¼ inches in length and weigh 1,200 pounds. Robert W. Best is the tallest, 6 feet 6 inches. R. I. Best the shortest, of the house of Elliott, Witz & Co., Baltimore, is no squatty chap, being 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings. They are all temperate, industrious business men, like their father before them. The elder Best was never known to chew or smoke tobacco, drink whisky or swear, nor did he allow his boys to do so.

An election was held at Hickory, to ascertain whether the citizens were willing to vote a tax on the town to assist in building a railroad from there to Lincolnton, to connect with the Carolina Central at that place. The result of the election was almost unanimous in favor of the scheme—only one dissenting vote.

The Wilmington *Star* says that Mr. D. Piper, who has served in the capacity of Route Agent on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta, Railroad for the past ten or eleven years, was removed a few days since, and a colored man by the name of Jacob Thompson, a resident of Columbia and formerly captain of a militia company in Richland county, was appointed in his stead.

At a meeting held in Raleigh resolutions were adopted, that the merchants of Raleigh resist under the law the indictments of the Solicitor for failing to list taxes, and that they agree to assess themselves to that end.

TAKE CARE!—One of the boys of Ira Hinshaw, of Chatham County, while endeavoring to get into a moving wagon, with an axe in his hand, was fatally cut in the neck by a spoke of the wheel striking the handle of the axe; living only two hours afterwards.

The Raleigh *News* says: Adolphus Moony of Rutherford was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in the county jail and judgment was given again him for the the costs of the prosecution. Before his imprisonment expired Gov. Brogden pardoned him and he was discharged without having paid the costs. The Solicitor then called on Moony to show cause why execution shouldn't issue for the cost; in answer thereto he pleaded the Governor's pardon. Judge Schenck held that such was not the effect of the pardon and ordered the execution to issue, and Moony appealed to the Supreme Court. There was no error in the Judgment below. Judge Bynum in rendering the decision said that an absolute pardon discharged a fine imposed, because that goes to the public, and the Governor represents the public, but the costs belong to private persons, and the pardon can no more discharge the costs than it can discharge a debt due by the defendant to a third person.

Last week Sheriff Griffith of Caswell county, accompanied by Mr. N. P. Oliver, of Yanceyville, went over into Halifax, Va., to arrest Leven Brandon and son, on a requisition from the Governor. Arriving at their domicile Leven leveled a gun at the Sheriff, who nothing daunted stepped up to him and wresting the gun out of his hand threw it aside; in the scuffle the darkey slipped out of the sheriffs grasp, (in consequence of having on heavy gloves,) and made his escape bareheaded, barefooted and coatless. During the Sheriff's scuffle with the father, Oliver tangled with the son (a stout buck,) who resisted, when Oliver drew a pistol to shoot him, but the darkey managed to knock it out of his hand with a shovel. Oliver now closed on him and wresting the shovel out of his hand dealt him a few blows that quieted him, and they marched him off to Yanceyville jail. These negroes are charged with robbing Wm. Long's factory of tobacco.—*Milton Chronicle.*

FIRE IN LEXINGTON.—J. W. Earnhardt, of Lexington, lost his fine store-house and goods by fire on Wednesday night of last week. Loss $10,000.—insured for $6,000. Origin of the fire undnown; probably accidental.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—William Hargrave, of Rowan county, aged 24, went out with some companions, while at Hart's sale to run a horse race. At a sharp turn in the road his horse shyed unexpectedly into a path, bringing the rider's chest and face against a tree which stood between the path and the road. He survived his injuries seven days, and died greatly lamented.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

The Elizabeth City *Economist* says: Two Camden County girls received an insulting letter from a male biped who had once visited them. They said nothing, but availed themselves of an opportunity when the family was away, and invited him to see them. When seated, awaiting their entrance, they made their appearance, one with a pistol pointed, the other with a gun. They ordered a halt, made a negro man tie him securely, and then, with their own fair hands, gave him such a hot jacket as he deserved.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—Sadlier's Catholic Directory for 1867 gives the following statistics of the Catholic Church in the United States: Total Catholic population, 5,620,000; archbishops, 11; bishops, 56; priests, 5,074; churches, 4,046; chapels and stations, 1,482; total churches, stations and chapels, 6,508; theological seminaries, 23; ecclesiastical students, 1,273; colleges, 63; academies and select schools, 557; parish schools 1,645; asylums, 214; hospitals, 96.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE CENTENNIAL EXPENSES.—The expenses of the Centennial Exhibition, conducted on ever so economical a scale, will be great, and the Philadelphians, as well as the commissioners, are exercising all their brains to make it pay. The cost is estimated as follows: Main building, $1,500,000; Art Gallery, $1,500,000; Machinery Building, $550,000; Horticultural Building, $250,000; other buildings, with stock yards, improvements, bridges, &c., $1,000,000. Aggregate permanent cost, $4,800,000.

The presumed expense of "running" the exhibition during the six months, in which is included the cost of water supply, light, fuel, moving of machinery, administration, police, and a liberal allowance for contingencies, increases this estimated total of cost to $8,000,000. The board of finance started out to raise this sum by sales of stock and from State appropriations. The citizens of Philadelphia furnished $1,500,000, and the State of Pennsylvania $1,000,000 from the word go. These amounts are not represented in stock subscriptions, which so far reach a little over $2,500,0000. This leaves $3,000,000 to be raised.

Charlotte Cushman, the most celebrated histronic actress of the American stage is dead. Her death was caused by cancer of the heart.

The funeral ceremonies of Miss Cushman were imposing. Many of the best people in Boston were present. The crowd was unable to enter the church. Front pews were reserved for the profession. Gov. Rice and several other State dignitaries were present.

R. D. Ruffin, colored, of the Virginia Legislature, was expelled for abstracting money from pay-book of Sergeant-at-Arms which belonged to another colored member.

BLOODY AFFAIR IN GRAYSON COUNTY, VA.—A gentleman from Grayson county furnishes the Wytheville *Dispatch* the following details of the killing of Mr. John Hawks and the wounding of Mr. Gaully Hawks and another man whose names he had forgotten:

On Sunday morning last about 3 o'clock a general row occurred at Harris' house, near old Grayson court-house, during which Mr. John Hawks was shot and killed. Mr. Gaully Hawks, a brother of John, was shot in the back and severely wounded while endeavoring to escape from the house. The third man was also wounded in attempting to get away from Harris' residence. It seems that one man did all the shooting, while those who were the victims were unarmed, or, at least, did not return the fire of their assailant. A man named Todd, it is supposed, did the shooting; and an old grudge—family feud, perhaps—was the cause. The parties have been arrested.

Twenty-two men have been killed and thirty wounded in Grayson county in the last twenty years.

59 persons were recently lost by another shipwreck.

MAIL ROBBERY.—The United States mail between New Orleans and New York was recently robbed of upwards of $600,000. The mail-bags and a number of letters were found in a swamp in the vicinity of Mobile.

There have been severe storms and floods in Europe last week.

MARRIED,

In this place, on the 17th inst., in the Moravian Church, by Rev. A. L. Oerter, Mr. WILLIAM C. HOLMAN, of Alamance, to Miss ANNIE C. BELO, of this place.

In Danbury, on the 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. Huff, Mr. W. B. RUCKER, of Patrick county, Va., and Miss CLEMMIE L. MCANDLESS, of Danbury.

In Stokes county, on the 31 inst., Mr. H. L. REDDICK and Miss MARY SIMMONS, daughter of Gideon Simmons.

DIED,

JOB WORTH, Esq., an old and prominent citizen of Surry county, died at his residence, eight miles below Mt. Airy, on Thursday of last week, in the 63rd year of his age.

Mr. Worth was for many years a member of the County Court of Surry, and a very efficient member of the Board of Commissioners of said county. He leaves many friends and relatives to mourn his death.

Mr. MICHAEL WALL, who resided near the mouth of Bull Run, in Surry county, died on Wednesday, of last week, aged 105 years. Mr. Wall was the oldest citizen of Surry county.

AN AGENT is wanted in every county for Frank Leslie's Newspapers and Magazines, the oldest established Illustrated Periodicals in America. They are now first offered to canvassers, who will, if they secure an agency and exclusive territory, be enabled to introduce Seventeen First Class Illustrated Periodicals, suited to as many distinct tastes or wants, and, with the choice from Eight new and beautiful chromos, given free of cost to each annual subscriber, be enabled to secure one or more subscriptions in every family in their district. To skillful canvassers this will secure permanent employment, and the renewals each year will be a source of steady and assured revenue. Specimen papers and most liberal terms sent to all applicants who name the territory they desire to canvass. Address, Agency Department, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

Remember This.

Now is the time of the year for Pneumonia, Lung Fever, Coughs, Colds, and fatal results of predisposition to Consumption and other Throat and Lung Disease. BOSCHEE' GERMAN SYRUP has been used in this neighborhood for the past two or three years without a single failure to cure. If you have not used this medicine yourself, go to your Druggist, Dr. Thomson and ask him of its wonderful success among his customers. Two doses will relieve the worst case. If you have no faith in any medicine, just buy a Sample Bottle of Boschee's German Syrup for 10 cents and try it. Regular size Bottle 75 cents. Don't neglect a cough to save 75 cents.

GO TO THE
BARGAIN STORE!

PFOHL & STOCKTON
WINSTON, N. C.
Wholesale and Retail
MERCHANTS.

ALSO PROPRIETORS OF
Merchant's Hotel.

LAND FOR SALE!

I Will sell at the Court House in Yadkinville, on the **10th Day of MARCH next,** several tracts of valuable land, to wit: One tract of

128 ACRES,

known as the BINKLEY land, lying above Conrad's Ferry road, adjoining Dr. Kinyoun and Mrs. Elizabeth Conrad. Also one tract known as the STEWART LANDS, containing **231 ACRES,** adjoining Isaac Jarratt and others. Also one tract known as the WILLIAM RANDOLPH LANDS.

Containing **181 Acres,** adjoining the above mentioned Stewart lands. Also one tract of 90 acres, adjoining the above lands on the north. Also one tract of Wood land containing 25 or 30 acres, adjoining the Binkley lands, Mrs. E. Conrad and Dr. Kinyoun. Also four town lots, in Yadkinville, and one-half lot in East-Bend, the other half owned by A. Horn. The greater portion of these lands are well adapted to the cultivation of Tobacco, Corn, and Wheat. TERMS: One-tenth cash, and the remainder in Six Months. Title made when the purchase money is paid.

E. A. CONRAD, Executor.
February 17th, 1876. 7-4w.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected by R. A. Wommack & Co Dealer in General Merchandise.

Corn,	00 a 75	Salt	1 50 a 0 0
Wheat,	1 00 a 1 15	" American,	0 00
Flour,	2 75 a 3 00	Candles ada.	18 a 20
Meal,	2½ a 0	Oils, Linseed,	0.00 a 1.25
Chop,	2 a 2	" Kerosene,	22 a 30
Bacon	13½ a 18	Sheetings, Fries' B.	8
Pork,	0 00 a 9 00	" " A	8½
Lard,	12½ a 15	Yarn, Fries.	0 00 a 1 15
Eggs,	00 a 10	Iron,	5 a
Molasses,	35 a 40	Nails,	4½ a 5
Cheese Fac.	18 a 25	Calf Skins, green,	10 cts.
" Mount.	15 a 20	Tallow,	8 a 10
Butter	25 a 00	Beeswax,	28 a 30
Peas,	80 a 00	Clover Seed,	0 00 a 8 00
Apples, green,	50 a 0 75	Home grown;	0.00 a 0.00
dried,	4 a 10	Barrels Flour, Fruit	50
Potatoes, sw.	60 a 65	Brick,	7.00 a 60.00
" irish,	50 a 75	Shingles,	
Coffee,	22 a 30	Long leaf pine,	4.50 a 5.50
Sugar,	8 a 15	Hay, per cwt.	50 a 60
" crushed,	15 a 18	Rags,	2½ a 3
Dried peel, peach.,	12½ a 22	Butter Beans,	13
" unpeel ½ "	6 a 8	Dried Cherries	18 to 20
		Dried Blackberries,	0 to 10

WINSTON TOBACCO MARKET.

Breaks are steady and prices firm at quotations.

Lugs, Common,	$ 3 00 to 4 00
" Good working,	4 00 to 5 00
Fillers Common	3 00 to 5 50
" Good	5 50 to 10 00
Smokers Common	4 00 to 6 00
" good	6 00 to 9 00
" fancy	9 00 to 13 00
Wrappers Common	6 00 to 9 00
" good	9 00 to 15 00
" fancy	15 to 35 00

Danville Tobacco Market.

Primings	1 50 to 2 00
Lugs—Very Common,	4.00 to 6.00
" Medium,	6.00 to 8.00
Fine Smokers,	8.00 to 15.00
Leaf—Common,	5.00 to 7.00
" Good	6.00 to 10.50
Wrappers—Medium,	15.00 to 20 00
" Fine,	15.00 to 25 00
" Extra,	25.00 to 50 00

Richmond Tobacco Market.

NEW.

PRIMINGS—Loose,	$ 50 a 1 50
Prized,	1 50 a 2 50
LUGS.—Loose and prized,	2 50 a 4 50
LEAF.—Common to medium,	5 50 a 8 00
Good,	8 50 a 10 50
Good fine brown and dark,	11 00 a 12 50
WRAPPERS.—Bright yellow, common to good,	12 50 a 25 00
Fine do do do	35 00 a 50 00

OLD.

BLACK.

LUGS—Common	$ 6 50 to 7 00
Good	7 50 to 8 00
Extra	9 00 to 9 50
LEAF—Common	9 00 to 11 00
Medium to good	0 00 to 10 00
Fine	15 00 to 18 00

BRIGHT.

LUGS—Common chaffy smokers and fillers,	9 00 to 12 00
Medium to good smokers and fillers,	12 00 to 20 00
Extra smokers	38 00 to 40 00
LEAF—Medium to good fillers	12 00 to 15 00
Extra fillers	17 00 to 20 00
WRAPPERS—Common	18 00 to 25 00
Medium to good	28 00 to 40 00
Fine	38 00 to 75 00
Extra	80 00 to 115 00

MAHOGANY.

WRAPPERS—Common to medium	15 00 to 20 00
Good to fine	25 00 to 35 00

Fayetteville, Feb. 16.—Bacon 12 a 16 Flour, $6.00 a $6 75; Corn 0 75 a 0 80; Oats 00 a 60; Rye, $1 00; Wheat, $0 00 a $0 00 Lard, 16 a 18; Brandy, $2 00; Whisky, corn $1 50 a $1 70; rye, a $2 00 a $2 25; Salt $0 50 a 1 40; Salt 1 25 a 1 35.

Charlotte. Feb. 22.—Bacon 12 a 16; Flour, $3 00 a $3 50; Corn, 70 a 75; Oats, 60 60; Wheat, $1 15 a $1 25; Brandy, $1 75 a $2 00.

NEW YORK Feb. 21.—Gold 13⅜.—No change in the produce market.

BALTIMORE, Corn white 62 a 63—yellow 57. No other changes.

PATTERSON & CO. Keep a well selected line of
STAPLE CARPETS,
HEMP AND GRASS MATS,
OIL CLOTHS
TABLE LINEN AND NAPKINS.

They will soon add to their stock a line of WINDOW CURTAINS, bought of A. T. Stewart & Co., in elegant designs and at very low prices.

They correspond with large wholesale houses in the Northern cities that furnish Carpets, Oil Cloths and Curtains of any style or finish, and any order can be filled in a few days.

They keep also an assortment of the new and popular PAPER WARE.

Their's is the only house in this part of the State that can furnish BURIAL CASES, and BURIAL ROBES, the latest and handsomest garments for enrobing the dead.

INFELICE is Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's new and charming book, probably the best ever written by this most fascinating Southern authoress. The work is selling fast and Carlton's presses in New York are tasked to their utmost to produce them fast enough to supply the demand at Blums.

NORTH CAROLINA
State Life Insurance Company.
RALEIGH, N. C.
Capital - - 200,000.

OFFICERS,

Hon. KEMP P. BATTLE,	President.
F. H. CAMERON,	Vice President.
W. H. HICKS,	Secretary & Treasurer.
DR. E. BURKE HAYWOOD,	Medical Director.
Dr. W. J. ROYSTER,	Assistant Medical Dir.
PROF. EDWARD B. SMITH,	Actuary.
J. B. BATCHELOR,	Attorney.
O. H. PERRY,	Supervising Agent.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. Kemp P. Battle, Late Treasurer of North Carolina.
Hon. T. M. Holt.....President State Agricultural Society.
DR W. J. Hawkins.....Late President R. & G. & R. & A-L. R. R.
Hon. John Manning.....Attorney at Law.
Gen. W. R. Cox.....Late Solicitor Sixth District.
Col. L. W. Humphrey...President Atlantic & N. C. Railroad.
Col. W. E. Anderson...Pres't Citizens' Nat. Bank, Raleigh.
John G. Williams.....Pres't State National Bank.
Hon. A. A. McKoy.....Judge Fourth District.
Capt. James A. Graham, Attorney at Law.
Maj. F. H. Cameron.....Late Supt. Agencies N. A. L. Ins. Co.
J. C. McRae.....N. C. House Representatives.
J. B. Batchelor.....Counsellor and Attorney at Law.
J. C. Blake,.....Cashier Raleigh National Bank.
Col. Walter Clark,.....Attorney at Law, Raleigh, N. C.
W. C. Upchurch,.....Commission Merchant.
Hon. J. J. Davis.....Member Congress Fourth District
John Nichols.....Principal D & D and B. Asylum
Col. John A Gilmer, Greensboro, Attorney at Law,
Gen. Rufus Barringer, Charlotte, Attorney at Law,
Dr. E. Burke Haywood, Raleigh, Medical Director.
John D. Williams.....Fayetteville, Pres. Cit. Nat. Bank.
W. D. Roundtree.....Wilson, President Bank of Wilson.
John W. Fries.....Salem, Cotton Manufacturer.
Capt. A. B. Andrews.....Raleigh, North Carolina Rail Road.

Has issued nearly 2,000 policies. Prudent economical and energetic management has made it a thoroughly successful corporation, and the leading Life Company in the State.

Issues every desirable form of Policy at as low rates as are consistent with prudence and safety.—Imposes no useless restriction upon residence or travel. Policies non-forfeitable after two or three annual payments. Has FIVE DOLLARS of ASSETS for every dollar of LIABILITIES, with which to secure Policy Holders.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY.

Its entire assets loaned and invested in NORTH CAROLINA, to foster and encourage Home Enterprises, and to protect and assist our own people.

With these facts before them, will the people of North Carolina continue to send out of the State annually, thousands upon thousands of dollars to build up Foreign Companies, when they can secure insurance equally reliable and on as good terms in their own

HOME COMPANY,

managed by some of the best and most prominent citizens of the State, and where every dollar of premium paid is invested in our own State, and among our own people?

O. H. PERRY, Supervising Agent.
J. W. FRIES, Agent, Salem, N. C.
Dr. V. O. THOMPSON, Agent, Winston, N. C.
Feb. 17, 1876. 7-4w

LOCAL ITEMS.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.

Salem, N. C., Post Office Arrangement.—Office hours from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. during the week. As no mails arrive or depart on Sunday the office will not be open on that day.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING THE MAILS

Railroad, from Greensboro to Salem, closes every day, except Sundays, at 7, a. m.; due every day except Sunday, by 6.30, p. m.

Mount Airy mail, *via* Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Little Yadkin, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek: closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 30, a. m.; due, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 3, p. m.

Madison mail, *via* Sedge Garden, Germanton and Walnut Cove, due, Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 5 p. m.; Closes, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 30 a. m.

Jerusalem mail, *via* Friedberg, Miller's Mill, Elbaville and Fulton: closes every Wednesday at 6, a. m. due, every Thursday, 7, p. m.

Jonesville mail, *via* Mt. Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains East Bend and Booneville: due every Friday, by 7 p. m.; closes every Saturday, at 6, a. m.

Walkertown mail, *via* Salem Chapel, White Road, Belew's Creek Mills and Blakely: closes every Friday, at 4 30, p. m.; due, every Saturday, by 7, p. m.

Huntsville mail via Clemmonsville, Lewisville and Panther Creek, closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 30, a. m.; due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.—Notices will be published in our local columns at 20 cents per line, every insertion, for regular customers who have standing advertisements in the PRESS. Otherwise, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

OBITUARY NOTICES.—All obituary notices and tributes of respect, over ten lines, will be charged at advertising rates. Terms cash.

SHOATS.—A few thrifty shoats, of good stock wanted. Apply at this office.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF PROPERTY.—We have been requested to announce that the annual meeting of the Society for the Protection of Property, will meet in Salem, on the first Saturday in March next, in the Commissioner's Hall, above the Post Office. All the members are earnestly requested to attend.

Those who are yet in arrears for the assessment of 50 cents to defray the expenses of the pursuit of "Matthew's horses," will please be prepared to settle up, as the matter cannot be longer delayed.

ON LAST SATURDAY AND SUNDAY the weather was delightful, too much so to be housed up. The past winter has been the mildest within the recollection of our oldest citizens. We are very much afraid however, that the peach crop will be a complete failure, as the buds are too far advanced to stand any very heavy frost. In some localities the trees have been in full bloom. Some predict a cold and cheerless March, with considerable snow, sleet and some ice.

SOMETHING NEW.

The INDEPENDENCE BREAD PLATE—represents the 13 original States with their representatives in Congress 100 years ago.

Nice for daily use in every family. Sold by

J. L. FULKERSON.

Jan. 6th, 1876.

MAJ. GALES' LECTURE.—On Thursday evening last, the Court-House was well filled with ladies and gentlemen to hear Maj. Gales' lecture on Odd Fellowship. The address was a most excellent one, as one might expect from the well known and popular speaker, giving a general outline of the Order, its objects and benefits to the human race, as well as a complete refutation of all the objections which are so often urged against this worthy order. Major Gales was frequently applauded by as intelligent an audience as ever assembled in the Court-House.

John Williams, alias John Gilbert, etc., who stole a horse from John Dalton last fall, and who was arrested and put in jail at Henry Court-House, Va., and demanded by a requisition from the Governer of North Carolina, was brought to Stokes by our Sheriff last week, and lodged in the county jail to await his trial at the Spring Term of our Superior Court.—*Danbury Reporter.*

VALENTINES are good during the month, this centennial year. A few more on hand at the Bookstore, at half-price.

The aid extended by a number of our patriotic ladies,—always ready to lend a helping hand in good works,—was the means of making the recent Tableaux both satisfactory and successful, and the thanks of the Pythians are most heartily given to all who aided them.

WAUGHTOWN.—We notice a great many improvements going on in Waughtown, such as new buildings going up, old ones being remodelled, sidewalks fixed up &c. The sidewalk beginning at this end and extending the entire length of the village to P. E. Light, Esq., has been fixed up, curbed with logs and sanded, making it a good, substantial walk, which would do credit to larger places.

We are sorry to see that the old church building is fast going to decay. With a little exertion on the part of the citizens, (who generally succeed in all they undertake,) it might be repaired at a small expense, and serve as a house of worship for a great many years to come. It is an old land-mark, and should by all means be preserved.

☞ **GRAVE STONES.**—Persons wishing Grave Stones lettered before Easter, will please apply, without delay, to

W. T. VOGLER.

Salem, N. C., Feb. 17, 1876.

On last Saturday, a young man named Christ. Cumbo, living several miles from here, imbibed too freely of "crooked," "tangle-leg" or some other kind of whisky, and feeling pretty rich, came in town to buy the place, he said; but being more boisterous about it than was needful, he was taken in charge by NAMAN, who conducted him before the Mayor. His Honor not wishing to sell out, concluded to let him try one of our public institutions, and he was accordingly marched off to the Calaboose, where, in default of fine and costs, imposed for his boisterous conduct, he remained until Tuesday afternoon, when he was released, and went his way considerably cooled off.

Horse Drovers returning from the South report the market overstocked, times dull, and but little prospect of a change before the Spring fully sets in. The only thing looking at all hopeful is the prospect of the cotton planters becoming more and more independent, by raising their own grain and pork.

The Hamburg band enlivened our streets on Saturday night last, with "string music," with "big drum" accompaniment.

ENSIGN SAMUEL C. LEMLY, U. S. Navy, at home on leave of absence, for the past few months, received orders to report at Norfolk, Va., and left on Monday morning last. We wish him a pleasant time.

COME AND BUY. NOT WITHOUT MONEY.—In order to raise money to promptly pay a heavy surety debt, I propose to offer FOR A TIME, my large and desirable stock of Goods at COST, in such quantities as CASH buyers may desire. Come and avail yourselves of an opportunity which I trust will prove a mutual benefit.

Respectfully Yours,

Salem, N. C., Feb., 7th 1876. J. L. FULKERSON.

Monday noon a Main street man went home suffering from neuralgia in the head, and his wife persuaded him not to go to work that afternoon, but stay at home and keep quiet. He staid, and while his boy and several other children amused themselves upsetting chairs and dragging toy wagons around the room, his wife said to him:

"My dear, don't your head feel better now?"

Then all the man's efforts to keep quiet gave way, and as our space is limited, we will not go into details.

IF YOU WANT FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY GET BEST GOODS of

J. L FULKERSON.

Jan. 6th, 1876.

Henry Null has been appointed Post Master at Old Town, in place of Monck. Crews.

The members of the Y. M. M. S., will meet at their rooms in the Museum Building, this (Thursday) evening, at 7½ o'clock. Regular monthly meeting.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—We would direct attention to the new advertisement of Messrs. Patterson & Co.—The great bargains at Messrs. Everett's Shoe Store.—Valuable lands for sale by A. E. Conrad, Executor.

A large stock of DRESS GOODS. At reduced prices. J. L. FULKERSON

Salem, N. C., Jan. 6th 1876.

THE DRESS BALL AND SOCIAL PARTY given at the Salem Hotel on Tuesday evening last, 22nd inst., was an enjoyable affair. Every one seemed to be pleased with himself and surroundings. The parlor and ball room was well filled with young ladies and gents from Salem, Winston and vicinity, as well as from several of our neighboring counties. The music was unusually good, and nothing occurred to mar the festivities.

The Cornet Band, for whose benefit the ball and party was given, gave some of their choicest airs in front of this venerable and well known Hotel, forcibly reminding us of ante bellum days, when Washington's birthday was generally observed in our town with music, and other public demonstrations.

THE LECTURE in the Academy Chapel, on Friday evening last, by Major Seaton Gales, of Raleigh, was well received by an intelligent audience. The lecture was principally intended for the ladies, and was highly interesting, and delivered in Mr. Gales' elegant and popular manner. There are few orators in the State that equal Mr. Gales, and none that surpass him as a speaker.

CAPT. DENSON was on a business visit to our town, and a guest of Wm. F. Shultz, Esq. We were pleased to meet the Captain, who is a clever gentleman, and well posted in the floral, ornamental shrub and shade tree line.

The Eden Public School, W. T. FISHER Teacher, will close with a public exhibition on the 2nd Saturday of March. No spirituous liquors allowed on the grounds.

NO MORE LICENSE.—We learn that in future, retail liquor license, to peddle from wagons, or from broken packages from place to place, will not be granted.

Shad and Drum Fish have made their appearance in this market.

OBSERVANCE OF LENT.—The Lenten season, especially observed in Protestant Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches, in commemoration of Christ's fast of forty days, will begin this year on Ash Wednesday, March 1st, ending on the eve of Easter Sunday, April 16th.

During leap year the girl who counts all the gray horses she sees, until she has got up to a hundred, will be married within a year, to the first gentleman with whom she shakes hands after counting the one hundredth horse. Every girl in the city carries a memorandum book, that she may be sure to keep a correct record. One has already twenty-six, another eleven, and another who only began yesterday, has seven. If somebody would bring a drove of a hundred gray horses to town to-day, what a shaking of hands would take place to-morrow! *Jefferson City Tribune.*

TEXAS.—Returns indicate 50,000 Democratic majority in the Texas State election.

The Hon. A. W. Venable is gradually sinking from the infirmities of age.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Owing to the muddy state of the roads, making it bad to tramp around, our worthy hand-organist has laid away his instrument for the present, and has become agent for a celebrated rat-trap. Persons needing such a thing would do well to call on the agent at once, and obtain one. I have examined the traps and find them to be all wood and wire. Persons not having the cash, can pay for them in lard, butter or potatoes.—You will always find him at his office, No. 23 and 40.

BOSS OF THE MILL WAGON.

Philadelphia has built, during the last three years, nearly 20,000 houses, and now contains 164,000 dwelling houses. It is said that one-third of these may be used during the Centennial for boarding and lodging houses. Thirteen new hotels were built last year.

During January the demand for postage stamps, postal cards and stamped envelopes reached the unprecedented amount of three and a half million dollars' worth. These figures may be indicative of a rapid revival of business throughout the country.

Dr. J. B. Godwin, of Washington, N. C, has recently patented a new invention. It is a taper attachment to the kerosene lamp burner, by which a beautiful jet of light is produced without the least unpleasant odor or smoke, and it is intended for use in the sick chamber or sleeping room, where a smoking wick or a brilliant light is not bearable. When more light is necessary, it is only requisite to turn up the wick now in use and the flame is immediately communicated from the taper.

The Weldon *News* says a negro man, aged 110 years, lives near Whitaker's Mill, Nash county, who has had seven wives, and now has a daughter only five years old. He is active and hearty and takes his dram.

SMALL POX.—There are four cases of small-pox in Wilmington.

CHAPEL HILL.—The Hon. A. M. Waddell will deliver the Annual Address before the Literary Societies at the next Commencement of the N. C. University in June, and Rev. T. H. Pritchard will preach the Annual Sermon.—*Democrat.*

For the Press.

Wake Forest College.

Messrs. Editors:—Thinking that a brief account of the 41st Annual Celebration of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies of Wake Forest College, which took place on the 11th inst, might interest some of your readers, I will attempt to give a brief detail of the occasion.

At two and a half o'clock, P. M., a large audience assembled in the College Chapel. The weather being fine, the people in attendance were more than has been known for several years, on a similar occasion. By the time the last melodious notes of music were wafted away by the pleasant breeze, President B. F. Montague, of College Hill, call the house to order, the proceedings of last anniversary read and approved. Secretary J. W. Denmark, of Wilmington, read the query for discussion: "Is the career of Oliver Cromwell more to be condemned than admired;" and calls the first on the affirmative, W. L. Poteat, of Yanceyville, N. C.

He introduces the question with a flowery speech; carries us back to the youthful days of the great Hero, views with great caution his career, relates many of his ambitious acts while a youth and after he had attained the supreme power, and, at last, closes his speech by giving a vivid account of his military career in Ireland, which no doubt is the greatest stain upon his character.

E. E. Folk, of Brownsville, Tenn., first on the negative, now replies to his opponent with great fervor. He compares the great hero to the sun, which rose and scattered the mist, in which England was shrouded when he entered the arena of life. He depicts the ignominious death of Charles, the oppression of the people for their religious principles, and the great relief Cromwell gave to his country by freeing it of its oppressor.

J. B. Powers, of Pender county, N. C., second on the affirmative, strikes a desperate blow at his antagonist, (Mr. Folk, who had been praising Cromwell for his religious principles), by relating many of his hypocritical acts, such as while he (Cromwell) was praying for the king his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and with the shrewdness of a Webster, he divides the career of Cromwell into three parts; as a general, statesman, and minister. From the way he handled the separate divisions he left no doubt among his audience but that he was thoroughly versed in history.

The second speaker on the negative, C. W. Scarbrough, of Wake county, N. C., rises seemingly much enthused. He presents a glowing account of Cromwell's career, points out the condition of England during the reign of the Stuart family up to Cromwell's time, and says, the time had arrived when there should be a nucleus about which the people should gather for the protection of their liberty, and Cromwell was the nucleus around which they gathered; and when the heroes should gather upon fame's eternal camping-ground and cluster around the God of liberty, then Cromwell would receive his crown decked with many laurels.

The question is now reread, and voted upon by the audience, and decided in the negative.

The utmost decorum prevailed during the discussion, and the debaters all showed themselves to be well acquainted with the history of England, as well as of Cromwell.

The audience is now dismissed by the President, with his thanks for the good attention paid to the debaters.

At seven o'clock, p. m., we again assembled to hear the addresses of the orators. The audience seems eager for the speakers to begin. Mr. J. L. Britt, of Wayne county, N. C., the Euzelian orator, opens the exercises, his subject (the motto of his Society) *Inveniam viam aut faciam.*—I will find a way or make one.—The audience was splendidly entertained for three quarters of an hour. The speaker acquitted himself well, and we think there is no doubt but that he will make a way if he cannot find one, if he continues to persevere.

Mr. Britt is followed by Mr. J. T. Bland, of Pender county, N. C., the Philomathesian orator, his subject the motto of his Society. *Equam videri malo*—I had rather be than seem to be. This gentleman handles his subject with great skill, advances some splendid arguments. And those of us who know Mr. Bland know that he is what he seems to be, if not more. Upon the whole, the two Societies have cause to be proud of their young orators.

Exercises being over, the audience repaired to the Halls, where every one seemed to be in the zenith of their glory, especially the students. As it is *leap year* they looked for the ladies to make the requisite advancements and it is thought they did it. The fair sex was well represented, and the advancements they made no doubt met with a cordial reception.

STUDENT.

FRESH SUPPLIES

—AND—

RARE BARGAINS.

WITHIN THE PAST TEN DAYS, we have added to our already large and varied stock of goods, the following:

Fresh Supply of best Brown, "C," Extra "C," and Cut Loaf Sugars.

A FINE LINE OF RIO COFFEES,

Both Green and Roasted.

In addition, we keep a superb article of ROASTED COFFEE, put up handsomely in 1 lb. papers.

Also, choice MOCHA COFFEE, the most delicious of all Coffees.

Royal Baking Powders,

BATH BRICK, 10 cents each, the best cleanser of household steel-ware.

A new invoice of those famous

LADIES' SHOES,

made by C. H. ROYAL, formerly ROYAL & READ.

PAPER WARE, of different kinds.

A nice selection of

NEW PRINTS,

NOTIONS, BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, CAMBRICS, &c.

CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON, reduced to 80 cents per dozen,—single spools 8 cents.

COATS' SPOOL COTTON, 80 cents per dozen spools,—single spools, 8 cents. Of the latter we are expecting 500 dozen, direct from the Agents.

COATS' LINEN THREAD, on spools, a very superior article.

Our whole line of

Fancy Dress Goods,

comprising many desirable styles, and of the best makes, is offered at

10 PER CENT. BELOW COST.

In every instances the exact cost will be stated to the customer.

Such goods as may have been carried over for two seasons, will be sold at

25 PER CENT. BELOW COST.

We thus offer to the citizens of Salem, Winston and the surrounding country

RARE BARGAINS.

Since the hard times have set in, ***Prints*** are not so good as formerly, and therefore a WISE ECONOMY dictates the purchase of better material, so that the labor and expense incident to the present elaborate make up of dresses, may not be thrown away.

PATTERSON & CO.

Salem, N. C., Feb. 17, 1876.

PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE,

WINSTON, N. C.

Has the BEST LIGHTED SALE-ROOM of any Warehouse in town.

IT WAS THE FIRST HOUSE TO REDUCE CHARGES. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES OBTAINED.

1,-3m. M. W. NORFLEET, Proprietor.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINES.

Liberal terms of Exchange for Second-hand Machines of every description.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.

The Best Patterns made. Send 5 cts. for Catalogue.

Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,

AGENTS WANTED NEW YORK.

$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta Maine.

ASTONISHING!

"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

Future events prophecied by rules in BENNER'S PROPHETIC BOOK. Fortunes foretold in the ups and downs of prices for the next twenty years; the future judged by the past. What years to make money on pig-iron, hogs, corn, provisions, cotton, and when we will have the next panic, what year hard times will end and busines revive again. Every farmer, manufacturer, legitimate trader and speculator should have this book to know the future, so as to avoid loss and be successful. Sent to any name, post paid, for $1. Address SAMUEL BENNER, Bainbridge, Ross County, O.

FOR 1786.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL,

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DEVOTED TO

POPULAR LITERATURE, AND ALL MATTERS OF TASTE & CULTURE.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL appears in new type and with other mechanical improvements, making it the handsomest weekly literary journal in the country. APPLETONS' JOURNAL aims to be comprehensive, including in its plan all branches of literature, and treating all subjects of interest to intelligent readers; it designs to be elevated in taste and pure tone; it gives in quantity fully twenty-five per cent. more than the largest of the Monthly Magazines, while in quality its literature is of the highest class.

Price $4 per Annum; 10 cents per Number.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The undersigned have procured, exclusively for subscribers to APPLETONS' JOURNAL, a splendid steel engraving of

"CHARLES DICKENS IN HIS STUDY,"

which is offered, under special terms, to every subscriber—in advance—to JOURNAL for 1876.

This steel engraving is in line and stiple. It is not a fancy picture, but an actual representation of Charles Dicken's study at Gadshill, while the portrait of the distinguished author is strikingly faithful.

The size of the plate is 20x14, printed on heavy plate paper 24x30, making a large and handsome engraving for the parlor or library wall. The execution of the plate is of a superior order.

The ordinary price of a steel engraving of this character in the print-shops would not be less than five, and perhaps six dollars. It is offered exclusively to subscribers, in addition to the JOURNAL for one year, for $5.00—that is, for $1.00 additional, each yearly advance subscriber to the JOURNAL for 1876 may receive a superb engraving worth fully five times the amount.

This engraving is entirely new. It has never been for sale in the print-shops, and CANNOT BE OBTAINED EXCEPT IN CONNECTION WITH APPLETONS' JOURNAL upon the terms and conditions given above. It will be mailed to subscribers postage prepaid.

D. APPLETON & CO.,

549 & 551 Broadway, New York.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Terms and outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland Maine.

AGENTS, the greatest chance of the age. Address with stamp, National Copying Co., Atlanta Ga.

EMPLOYMENT. Male and female, salary or commission. We pay Agents a salary of $30 a week and expenses. EUREKA M'F'G CO., Hartford, Conn. Particulars FREE. No 5-4w.

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Every yearly subscriber is entitled to a beautiful Premium Chromo with each publication. The originals were designed and painted expressly for our use, and the Chromos are printed in oil, exactly reprepeducing, in every detail the original masterpieces of art.

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Address, AGENCY DEPARTMENT, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 637, Pearl Street, New York. No.-6-6m.

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Boots, Shoes and Hats

AT COST!!

Purposing to close out our Stock entirely, we offer it, at retail, at cost.

Persons desirous of **GOOD GOODS** at **LOW PRICES,** will do well to call early.

S. H. & S. A. EVERETT.

Salem Feb. 9th, 1876.

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A Situation Wanted.

THE undersigned desires a situation as Salesman or Agent, prefers Salem or Winston. He would commence, say between the 1st February and 1st of March. He believes from his experience, acquaintance, &c., he can control a considerable portion of the trade, and promises to do all he can for his employers. Please make me an offer, (which shall be confidential if desired), as I shall accept the position where the highest salary is offered.

Address, at present, E. L. HEGE,

Clemmonsville, N. C.

Jan 20 1mo-pd No 3

JOB PRINTING.

We call the attention of all classes who wish printing executed neatly, expeditiously, and upon reasonable terms, to the facilities offered at the People's Press Printing Establishment We can furnish, at short notice,

BLANKS, BILL-HEADS,

LETTER-HEADS, CARDS

PROGRAMMES, HANDBILLS,

PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES

POSTERS, NOTES, CHECKS,

DRAFTS&c., &c.

WOMMACK & CO have just received a complete line of NEW GOODS and offer their numerous customers a complete stock for the NEW YEAR, cheap for cash or barter.

January 6, 1876.

FARMER'S HEADQUARTERS

THE OLD RELIABLE

BROWN'S WAREHOUSE!

The Proprietors would remind their friends and patrons that they

Defy Competition and all Combinations.

That their House is being ENLARGED to accommodate their greatly increased business, giving them a LARGER FLOOR BY 2,000 SQUARE FEET than any house in Winston.—That they will have

Fourteen Large Sky-Lights, with Ten Doors for Unloading.

That their LOT HAS BEEN ENLARGED AND IMPROVED, and shall be equaled in convenience by none.

Will always gladly welcome you and extend every attention possible, and continue to

Guarantee the Highest Market Prices, Promptness and Accuracy.

Your Friends, Truly,

Nov. 18, 1875. T. J. BROWN & CO.

GOOD AND CHEAP GOODS!

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

FALL AND WINTER, 1875.

R. A. WOMMACK & CO.

Call attention to their complete stock of **GENERAL MERCHANDISE,** which they are determined to sell at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Don't fail to call and examine their GOODS. They are determined to please.

October 28th, 1875.



CHOICE

BOOKS

PRESENTS

At the Bookstore.

FRESH AND RELIABLE GARDEN SEEDS,

AT

Zevely's Drug Store.



THE "WILSON"

IS THE

MACHINE

THAT IS SOLD FOR

50 TO 55 DOLLARS,

and is warranted to do a greater variety of work, in a better manner, than any sewing machine in the world.

People unacqnainted with Sewing Machines are urged to believe by Sewing Machine Agents that it is impossible to sell as good a machine for fifty dollars as they are selling for sixty-five dollars. Do not believe it. Do not take the *advice of an interested party,* but *examine for yourself, then you* will be *satisfied* that a first class Sewing Machine *can* be *sold* for fifty dollars, with all *attachments free.*

Besides the Grand Prize awarded to the Wilson Shuttle Machine at Vienna, it received at the Agricultural, Mechanical, and Horticultural Associaiton, at Indianapolis, Indiana, of 1870, the gold medal, and at the State Agricultural Society of Michigan, in the year 1871, *two diplomas,* a diploma at the American Institute, New York, and a diploma and medal at the Great Northern Ohio Fair, held in Cleveland in the same year; and at the fairs in 1872 it carried off seven first premiums at the Northern Michigan Agricultural and Mechanical Society, and fourteen first premiums at the Ohio State Fair, for the best sewing machines and for various qualities and classes of work done on the machine, together with a silver medal and diploma at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, for the best work done on sewing machines. A gold medal, two large silver medals, a bronze medal, and silver cup, were awarded to the Wilson machine and work done by it, over nineteen competitors, at the Louisiana State Fair, held at New Orleans in the Spring of 1873; and similar honors in Missouri and other states are among its trophies.

An agent of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company will, in a few days, sail from San Francisco for Chili in South America, where he will open a Branch House and exhibit the world renowned Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine at the grand exposition to be held at Santiago under the auspices of that government. By this step the Wilson Sewing Machine Company will complete the circuit of the globe. They have already immense agencies in China, Japan, British Indies, England, France and other parts of South America. Supreme in its superiority over all other sewing machines, the Wilson goes on widening its field year after year, carrying the blessings of a cheap capable and perfect sewing machine to the remotest haunts of civilization.

Superior merit and capabilities, cheapness in price, and ease of operation, have placed the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine far in advance of all other machines in the market. The public shows its approval of all that it is and does by purchasing the machines as fast as the Company can possibly manufacture them. There is no test of a sewing machine ever yet inaugurated but what has been used on the Wilson, and in every case it has come off ahead of every other machine in use. No pains or expense is spared in the material used in it, or the workmanship of its construction, to make the Wilson every way the best, most pleasant, and most durable sewing machine in existence.

Machines with all attachments free, will be delivered at any *home* in Western N. C., for 50 to 55 dollars *cash,* through the company's Branch Office at Salem, N. C.

Special contracts made with clubs of three or more.

A. M. JONES, Salem, N. C.

Agent for Western N. C.

WORKING AGENTS WANTED.

NOVEMBER 16, 1875.

Our Second Stock of Fall & Winter Goods.

HODGIN, HINSHAW & CO.,

We have just received the Largest and most varied stock of GOODS ever offered in Winston or Salem.

We buy for Cash only, and in quantities that enable us to get bottom prices, consequently we are offering goods at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

Our stock consists of every article of goods used by the masses of the people.

Heavy Groceries, Iron, Leather and Nails

MADE A SPECIALTY.

We invite all to examine our stock and prices. All saleable produce bought and sold.

Nov. 18, 1875.

Poetry.

Deacon Pitkins' Golden Wedding.

BY NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

My wife an' I, on yesternight,
Beside the fire was settin';
I, thinkin' on the last year's crops,
She noddin' o'er her knittin'.
Puss, near the hearth-stun, lay asleep
Just where the fire shone on it,
And darter Nell sot by my side
Fixin' her meetin' bonnet,—

When, all to onct the knocker rapped,
An' thru the hall went pealin'
Wtth such a din, it made Marier
Jump half way to the ceilin';
I startled so my specks fell off,
Puss ran with hair upraisin',
"'Tis Will!" said Nell, with both her cheeks
Like coals of fire a blazin'.

"James Pierson an' his wife, perhaps;
Or, mebbe, Parson Tabor;
Don't ye be skeert; I'll let 'em in;
Most likely 'tis a neighbor."
I tuck the lamp, an' crost the hall,
An' held it mighty keerful,
Fur of these bustin' sort o' iles
I'm allers kinder fearful.

I stud the light upon the steer,
An' then the door unlocking',
I sot it wide, when in the hall
A crowd of folks came flockin',
With Parson Tabor at the head,
The deacons comin' after,
An' all the village at their heels,
Half dead with screams of laughter.

Like swarms o' bees they crowded roun',
Both Misters and young misses;
The boys began to hug *Marier*,
The gals gin *me* sweet kisses.
Wal, so dumbfounded then was I,
My head felt like 'twas holler,
When I bethought me very rude,
An' axed them in the parlor.

O, Loddy massy, in they poured
With baskets, boxes, bundles,
An' a wheelbarrer farmer John
Into the parlor trundles;
A big wheelbarrer! jest chock full
O' punkins, fine and meller,
An' crook neck squash, an' pippins, too,
All plump, an' round, an' yeller.

My wife an' I stud side by side,
Our backs agin the fire;
I slowly turned and says to her,
"I want to know, Marier!"
Says she, "Wal, really, so du I."
"Ha, ha!" says Deacon Keddin';
"Neighbor, jest let me wish you joy
Upon your Golden Weddin'."

With that he snatches off my specks
(I felt all uv a trimble),
Claps on a pair all bound with gold,
And gins Marier a thimble.
Good gracious me! each one hed brought
Some shiny thing or t'other;
Which on 'em all I liked the best
I couldn't ha' told ye nuther.
They jined in singin' "Old Lang Syne,"
Led on by young Will Heddin',
Mayhap I kin fergit old friends,
But *not* my *Golden Weddin'!*

Humorous.

A Scene in a Sheriff's Office.

A newly elected sheriff was sitting in his office sad-eyed and haggard. He held in his hand a stack of manuscript representing the applications of eight hundred and seventy-nine candidates for positions of deputy sheriff, each one of whom said he had worked at the polls, and had gained him all the way up from two hundred to one thousand votes from their personal friends who did not vote the Democratic ticket.

A man attired in a blue shirt, with a paper collar and red nose, entered the office, and grasping the hand of the tired official, greeted him cordially. "Ah, Mr. Sheriff, but it's glad I am to see you looking so hearty; don't you know me?"

"I don't think I do," remarked the official, "although there is something in your face that is familiar to me."

"Ah, Mr. Sheriff, I thought you'd know me. I worked for you all day at the late election, and got you one thousand votes, and I come for that place."

"Well, I am sorry to say that I have already promised all the places at my disposal."

"Oh, give me a place; I don't care what it is."

"Oh, bye the bye" said the sheriff, with a malicious grin in his eye, "there is a place, but it is not worth much, and I don't think you'd take it."

"Ah, Mr. Sheriff, I'll take anything, I don't care what kind of a place it is. Tell me what kind of a place it is, and I'll jump at it with my coat off."

"All right," said the sheriff; "there is a Chinaman going to be hanged at the jail next month, and he wants somebody to take his place. I think it will suit you."

The man with the reed nose ceased to smile, and asking the sheriff for a quarter to pay for his lodging that night, he left the office and mingled with the throng of would be deputy sheriffs on the outside.—*San Francisco Call.*

A lady employed a young girl about fifteen years old, to assist her about her house. One day she was making a cake, and, wishing to put some kind of plums in it, she set a dish down on the table with the plums, and told the girl to stone hem. To show her how, she took up a plum and took out the stone, with the remark, "That is the way." Thinking the girl understood what she meant, she put the plum she had into her mouth, instead of into the dish, and went away. What was her surprise, a short time after, to have the girl come into the room where she was, and tell her she had eaten all she could. And when the lady went into the room where she had been at work, she found that she had put all the stones into the dish, and eaten all she could of the plums, thinking that the hard pieces—meaning the stones—would soften up when baked in the cake.

"This is too serious a matter to make light of," as the whale remarked to the man who was dipping oil out of his head.

"That's a beautiful coat you have on," said one gentleman to another; "where does the tailor live?" "On the skirts of town," was the ready response.

"I cant't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in a public company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller. "I am obliged to work for it."

"Time softens all things," except the young man who thumps with cane, and whistles in the cars. Nothing can make him softer than he is already.

"Oh' Edwin, a bee has stung me!" said a beautiful girl to her lover, who met her in the garden. "No wonder," replied Edwin, "that it mistook you for a flower."

"I understand," said a deacon to a neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink easier."

"I stand upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed the shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."

Teacher—"What is the definition of flirtation?"

Intelligent young pupil—"It is attention without intention."

WM. G. BAHNSON & CO.

Builders and Repairers of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c



WE have secured the services of competent workmen, and flatter ourselves able to please all our friends and the public generally, in the style, quality and price of our work.

Call and examine our collection of patterns to which we are constantly adding.

All first class work guaranteed.

W. G. BAHNSON & CO.,
Opposite J. W. Fries' Tanyard, SALEM, N C.
Feb 25 1875-8

Another Candidate FOR PUBLIC FAVOR.

THE UNDERSIGNED having secured the old stand of PFOHL & STOCKTON, have filled it with a very handsome and

Entirely New Stock of

General Merchandise,

CONSISTING OF

Dry Goods,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES, SHOES AND BOOTS, DRUGS, DYE-STUFFS, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, STATIONERY, &c., &c.,

which they offer to the public

AT REDUCED PRICES.

Mr. E. A. EBERT, the managing partner, cordially invites his old customers and friends to call and give our goods an inspection.

EBERT & CO.

Salem, N. C., April 8th, 1875.-14-tf.

STRUPE'S LEATHER

JUST RECEIVED a large lot of Strupe & Son's heavy and light Upper Leather and Fine Calf Skins, which will be sold at manufacturer's prices by

R. A. WOMMACK & CO.

Salem, July 15th 1875.

WINTER BOOKS.

New and Beautiful Editions of
Taylor's King David,
Spurgeon's Types and Emblem's,
Chamber of Peace,
King's Great South.
Brttish and American Poets,
with a complete assortment of
JUVENILE BOOKS, GAMES, PICTURE CUBES,
&c. &c. &c. &c.

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Call at - - BOOK STORE.

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RALEIGH, N. C.,

Will attend to business in the State and Federal Courts. Claims collected in any part of the State.

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Is Your Life Insured?

IF not, have it done at once, but first come to the undersigned and examine statements showing the standing of *all* the different Companies, and then select the strongest and safest. The *best* is always good enough, and in Life Insurance it will cost *less* than an inferior article.

THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL

is the second largest Life Company in the world, and will insure your life on the most reasonable terms.

Its expenses are *less* than any other Company, therefore its dividends *can* be and *are* greater, reducing the premiums to the actual cost of insurance, for there are no Stockholders to take the largest share of the profits.

Do not take my word for it, but come and examine the figures for yourselves.

J. A. LINEBACK, *Agent.*

Salem, N. C. March 5, 1874.-10

NEW BOOKS!

"A QUESTION OF HONOR,"

BY CHRISTIAN REID, (Miss Fisher).

Best novel of the season.

Third supply almost exhausted.

"SIGNA" by Ouida.

HOOSIER MOSAICS.

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Bismark Note,
Oxford Note,
Auroria Note,
Arcade Note,
Royal Victoria Note
put up in neat boxes. See first class papers at
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WANTED.—The Manhattan Manufacturing Company are now reorganizing their general agencies. Energetic men may secure the control of all sales in specified territory of a staple article. A permanent cash business and a monopoly that may be made to pay $5,000 per annum. For particulars address, with stamp enclosed, G. A. LUMPKIN, President.
147 Reade Street, New York

NOTICE!

HAVING duty qualified as Public Administrator, with the will annexed, on the estate of ANNA M. BLUM, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward at once and make payment to me; and all those having claims against the said estate, are hereby notified to present them duly proven, within twelve months from this date, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

D. P. MAST, Public Administrator.
Salem, N. C., December 1st, 1875.

FINE GIFT BOOKS.

Mabel Martin, by Whittier.
The Shepherd Lady, by Jean Ingelow.
Swiss Pictures.
Italian Pictures.
Spanish Pictures.
"Those Holy Fields."
The Sea and its Wonders.
Allibone's Poetical Quotations.
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Carleton's Farm Ballads.

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Very fair commercial Note 30 cents for five quires Envelopes from 50 to 75 cents a box.

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IT PAYS every Manufacturer, Merchant, Mechanic, Inventor, Farmer, or Professional man, to keep informed on all the improvements and discoveries of the age.

IT PAYS the head of every family to introduce into his household a newspaper that is instructive, one that fosters a taste for investigation, and promotes thought and encourages discussion among the members.

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twiich has been published weekly for the last hhrty years, does this, to an extent beyond that of any other publication, in fact it is the only weekly paper published in the United States, devoted to Manufactures, Mechanics, Inventions, and New Discoveries in the Arts and Sciences.

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Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry, Spectacles,
Walking Canes,
Musical Boxes,
SILVER PLATED WARE,
Fine Cutlery, Thermometers,
Fancy Goods, &c., &c.

ever brought to this place since the war. They are just the thing for

BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

Mr. Vogler respectfully invites his numerous friends and customers to examine his large and well selected stock, feeling assured that they can find all they want in his line at very reasonable figures.

HAIR JEWELRY,

OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTIONS, MADE TO ORDER.

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of every description, in my line of business, neatly and promptly executed.

MARBLE GRAVE STONES, of all sizes and styles, made to order, and at reduced prices.

Salem, N. C., Nov. 25, 1875.

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CHOICE LOT OF FURS AT MRS. DOUTHIT'S Millinery Store,

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FALL & WINTER HATS & BONNETS,

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FRENCH AND AMERICAN FLOWERS,
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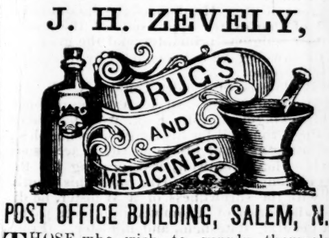
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Jet Jewelry and Necklaces, the latest and most beautiful styles just received.

Mrs. Douthit returns thanks for the very liberal encouragement received, and hopes to be able to please her friends and the public, in future.

Salem, N. C., December 9th, 1875.-No-49

J. H. ZEVELY,



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In fact all SPICES usually kept in the Stores. Also

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of Cinnamon, Ginger, Lemon, Peppermint, and all other ESSENCES usually kept in stores, to be had at ZEVELY'S STORE, for the same price that inferior articles are sold at elsewhere. My essences are twice the strength of those found elsewhere.

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In effect on and after Sunday December 19th, 1875.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.
Leave Charlotte,	4.45 A. M.
" Air-line Junction	6.25 "
" Salisbury,	8.20 "
" Greensboro,	10.58 "
" Danville,	1.34 P. M.
" Dundee,	1.49 "
" Burkville,	6.51 "
Arrive Richmond,	9.35 P.M.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.
Leave Richmond,	1.38 A. M.
" Burkville,	9.00 "
" Dundee,	1.39 P. M.
" Danville,	1.43 "
" Greensboro,	4.28 "
" Salisbury,	6.54 "
" Air-line Junction,	8.52 "
Arrive Charlotte,	9.35 "

STATIONS.	GOING EAST. MAIL.	GOING WEST MAIL.
Leave Greensboro,	11.00 A. M.	Arrive 4.10P. M.
" Comp'y Shops,	.....	.....
Arrive Raleigh,	3.49 P. M.	" 11.05 "
" Goldsboro,	6.40 P. M.	Leave 8.20 P.M

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Leave Greensboro,	7.00 P. M.	Arrive 6.00 A. M
" Co. Shops,	.....	Leave.....
Arrive Raleigh,	5.09 A. M.	Arrive 7.30 P. M.
" Goldsboro,	11.15 "	Leave 2.0 P. M.

NORTH-WESTERN N. C. R. W.—SALEM BRANCH

Leave Greensboro,	4.45, P. M.
Arrive at Salem,	6.45 P. M.
Leave Salem	8.15, A. M.
Arrive at Greensboro,	10 33 A. M

Passenger train leaving Raleigh at 11.05 A. M. connects at Greensboro with the Southern bound train; making the quickest time to all southern cities. Accommodation Trains leaving Raleigh at 7.30 P. M., connects with Northern bound Train at Greensboro for Richmond and all points east. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.

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C. B. DENSON,
Nov. 12, 1874. Pittsboro, N. C.

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1876

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The Supreme Court, having by their judgment, replaced on the Bench, the late incumbent in this District:

I notify my friends and the public, that I have resumed the practice of the law, in the Counties of Stokes, Davie, Davidson and Forsyth.

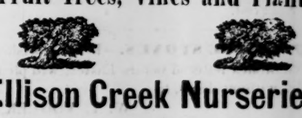
Prompt attention will be given to legal business entrusted to me.

THOS. J. WILSON.
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Poetry.

Deacon Pitkins' Golden Wedding.

BY NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

My wife an' I, on yesternight,
Beside the fire was settin';
I, thinkin' on the last year's crops,
She noddin' o'er her knittin'.
Puss, near the hearth-stun, lay asleep
Just where the fire shone on it,
And darter Nell sot by my side
Fixin' her meetin' bonnet,—

When, all to onct the knocker rapped,
An' thru the hall went pealin'
Wtth such a din, it made Marier
Jump half way to the ceilin';
I startled so my specks fell off,
Puss ran with hair upraisin',
"'Tis Will!" said Nell, with both her cheeks
Like coals of fire a blazin'.

"James Pierson an' his wife, perhaps;
Or, mebbe, Parson Tabor;
Don't ye be skeert; I'll let 'em in;
Most likely 'tis a neighbor."
I tuck the lamp, an' crost the hall,
An' held it mighty keerful,
Fur of these bustin' sort o' iles
I'm allers kinder fearful.

I stud the light upon the steer,
An' then the door unlocking',
I sot it wide, when in the hall
A crowd of folks came flockin',
With Parson Tabor at the head,
The deacons comin' after,
An' all the village at their heels,
Half dead with screams of laughter.

Like swarms o' bees they crowded roun',
Both Misters and young misses;
The boys began to hug *Marier*,
The gals gin *me* sweet kisses.
Wal, so dumbfounded then was I,
My head felt like 'twas holler,
When I bethought me very rude,
An' axed them in the parlor.

O, Loddy massy, in they poured
With baskets, boxes, bundles,
An' a wheelbarrer farmer John
Into the parlor trundles;
A big wheelbarrer! jest chock full
O' punkins, fine and meller,
An' crook neck squash, an' pippins, too,
All plump, an' round, an' yeller.

My wife an' I stud side by side,
Our backs agin the fire;
I slowly turned and says to her,
"I want to know, Marier!"
Says she, "Wal, really, so du I."
"Ha, ha!" says Deacon Keddin';
"Neighbor, jest let me wish you joy
Upon your Golden Weddin'."

With that he snatches off my specks
(I felt all uv a trimble),
Claps on a pair all bound with gold,
And gins Marier a thimble.
Good gracious me! each one hed brought
Some shiny thing or t'other;
Which on 'em all I liked the best
I couldn't ha' told ye nuther.
They jined in singin' "Old Lang Syne,"
Led on by young Will Heddin',
Mayhap I kin fergit old friends,
But *not* my *Golden Weddin'!*

Humorous.

A Scene in a Sh[illegible]

A newly elected sheriff was sitting in his office sad-eyed and haggard. He held in his hand a stack of manuscript representing the applications of eight hundred and seventy-nine candidates for positions of deputy sheriff, each one of whom said he had worked at the polls, and had gained him all the way up from two hundred to one thousand votes from their personal friends who did not vote the Democratic ticket.

A man attired in a blue shirt, with a paper collar and red nose, entered the office, and grasping the hand of the tired official, greeted him cordially. "Ah, Mr. Sheriff, but it's glad I am to see you looking so hearty; don't you know me!"

"I don't think I do," remarked the official, "although there is something in your face that is familiar to me."

"Ah, Mr. Sheriff, I thought you'd know me. I worked for you all day at the late election, and got you one thousand votes, and I come for that place."

"Well, I am sorry to say that I have already promised all the places at my disposal."

"Oh, give me a place; I don't care what it is."

"Oh, bye the bye" said the sheriff, with a malicious grin in his eye, "there is a place, but it is not worth much, and I don't think you'd take it."

"Ah, Mr. Sheriff, I'll take anything, I don't care what kind of a place it is. Tell me what kind of a place it is, and I'll jump at it with my coat off."

"All right," said the sheriff; "there is a Chinaman going to be hanged at the jail next month, and he wants somebody to take his place. I think it will suit you."

The man with the reed nose ceased to smile, and asking the sheriff for a quarter to pay for his lodging that night, he left the office and mingled with the throng of would be deputy sheriffs on the outside.—*San Francisco Call.*

A lady employed a young girl about fifteen years old, to assist her about her house. One day she was making a cake, and, wishing to put some kind of plums in it, she set a dish down on the table with the plums, and told the girl to stone hem. To show her how, she took up a plum and took out the stone, with the remark, "That is the way." Thinking the girl understood what she meant, she put the plum she had into her mouth, instead of into the dish, and went away. What was her surprise, a short time after, to have the girl come into the room where she was, and tell her she had eaten all she could. And when the lady went into the room where she had been at work, she found that she had put all the stones into the dish, and eaten all she could of the plums, thinking that the hard pieces—meaning the stones—would soften up when baked in the cake.

"This is too serious a matter to make light of," as the whale remarked to the man who was dipping oil out of his head.

"That's a beautiful coat you have on," said one gentleman to another; "where does the tailor live?" "On the skirts of town," was the ready response.

"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in a public company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller. "I am obliged to work for it."

"Time softens all things," except the young man who thumps with cane, and whistles in the cars. Nothing can make him softer than he is already.

"Oh' Edwin, a bee has stung me!" said a beautiful girl to her lover, who met her in the garden. "No wonder," replied Edwin, "that it mistook you for a flower."

"I understand," said a deacon to a neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink easier."

"I stand upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed the shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."

Teacher—"What is the definition of flirtation?"

Intelligent young pupil—"It is attention without intention."

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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES, SHOES AND BOOTS, DRUGS, DYE-STUFFS, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, STATIONERY, &c., &c.,

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AT REDUCED PRICES.

Mr. E. A. EBERT, the managing partner, cordially invites his old customers and friends to call and give our goods an inspection.

EBERT & CO.

Salem, N. C., April 8th, 1875.-14-tf.

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JUST RECEIVED a large lot of Strupe & Son's heavy and light Upper Leather and Fine Calf Skins, which will be sold at manufacturer's prices by

R. A. WOMMACK & CO.

Salem, July 15th 1875.

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New and Beautiful Editions of
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J. A. LINEBACK, *Agent.*

Salem, N. C. March 5, 1874.-10

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BY CHRISTIAN REID, (Miss Fisher).

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HOOSIER MOSAICS.

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NOTICE!

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D. P. MAST, Public Administrator.
Salem, N. C., December 1st, 1875.

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Italian Pictures.
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Mrs. Douthit returns thanks for the very liberal encouragement received, and hopes to be able to please her friends and the public, in future.

Salem, N. C., December 9th, 1875.-No-49

J. H. ZEVELY,



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STATIONS.	MAIL.
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" Air-line Junction	6.25 "
" Salisbury,	8.20 "
" Greensboro,	10.58 "
" Danville,	1.34 P. M.
" Dundee,	1.49 "
" Burkville,	6.51 "
Arrive Richmond,	9.35 P.M.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.
Leave Richmond,	1.38 A. M.
" Burkville,	9.00 "
" Dundee,	1.39 P. M.
" Danville,	1.43 "
" Greensboro,	4.28 "
" Salisbury,	6.54 "
" Air-line Junction,	8.52 "
Arrive Charlotte,	9.35 "

GOING EAST. GOING WEST

STATIONS.	MAIL.		MAIL.
Leave Greensboro,	11.00 A. M.	Arrive	4.10P. M.
" Comp'y Shops,	.....	"	.....
Arrive Raleigh,	3.40 P. M.	"	11.05 "
" Goldsboro,	6.40 P. M.	Leave	8.20 P.M

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Leave Greensboro,	7.00 P. M.	Arrive	6.00 A. M
" Co. Shops,	.....	Leave	.....
Arrive Raleigh,	5.09 A. M.	Arrive	7.30 P. M.
" Goldsboro,	11.15 "	Leave	2.0 P. M.

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Leave Greensboro, - - -	4.45, P. M.
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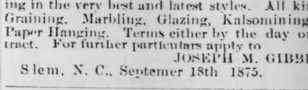
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